

THE LONDON MAGAZINE :



Or, GENTLEMAN's Monthly Intelligencer.

For NOVEMBER, 1782.

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With the following Embellishments, viz.

An elegant Engraving of the Right Honourable HENRY DUNDAS,

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Lond. May. Nov. 1782.



The Right Hon^{ble} HENRY DUNDAS.

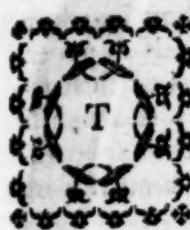
THE

LONDON MAGAZINE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1782.

MEMOIRS OF THE RIGHT HON. HENRY DUNDAS, ESQ.
LORD ADVOCATE FOR SCOTLAND, AND TREASURER OF THE
BRITISH NAVY.

(Embellished with a striking likeness of his Lordship.)


HE subject of these memoirs has lately become a gentleman of great publick responsibility. Raised to the presidency in a department of state peculiarly expensive and important, he naturally excites the curiosity and challenges the speculations of his countrymen. Indeed, the people of England are deeply interested in whoever is appointed to any active share of government. The great officers of state are in some degree intrusted with the care of the constitution, with the executive prerogatives of the crown, and with all the complicated and most important concerns of the British empire. Pledges to the publick at large, in behalf of their master, that the powers with which the laws invest him shall not be prostituted to their detriment and injury, their election is necessarily attended with the most general solicitude.

Not only a man's personal merits and property, but especially all his private and publick connections and attachments are consequently objects of common investigation and remark, the moment he is called to any official department in this critical and responsible situation. While these particulars continue to affect or bias the principles and actions of men in every profession and rank of life, so probably and effectually as they every where do, it were criminal in the case of a new minister, or his new creation of dependents, not to bring them forward. For to foresee what measures will certainly be adopted in particular circumstances, and on occasional emergencies, we

have only to make ourselves acquainted with the various characters of which his Majesty's cabinet is composed.

With the fashionable and notorious infelicities or infidélités of his lordship's domestic life, we do not interfere. Many things which made him abundantly ridiculous and even odious in his own country, might, by a happy change of morals, as well as of climate, only raise his reputation in this. A man may be as instrumental in making himself a cuckold as a bankrupt. A distinction of both kinds, however honourable, is easily acquired, as it does not require any extraordinary abilities to excel either in habitual lewdness or ostentatious prodigality.

His political capacity and principles are chiefly interesting to Englishmen. These are already and fairly before the public. But to form a proper estimate of them it may be necessary to take a short view of his conduct in Scotland, prior to his making a figure as a British senator in the English House of Commons.

The family to which he belongs, is equally undistinguished in heraldry and arms. His brother was raised to be President of the Court of Session in Edinburgh, by the same interest, and from the same partial motives to which he owes all his promotions at the court of St. James's. Early initiated in all the maxims and forms of that feudal system of legality, which, to a certain degree, still prevails in Scotland, instead of investigating its tendency by the genius of liberty and equity, his great object, in conjunction with his brother and other demagogues of the profession, was to make

it the implement in the hands of a daring democracy for oppressing the people. And by his means, perhaps, more than any other man's in the kingdom, the lower orders of mankind in this part of an island, famous over all the world for liberty and independence, are still in a situation of the basest abjection and servility,

The religious establishment in Scotland, which took place at the reformation, is peculiarly hostile to every species of ecclesiastical usurpation, precedence, or supremacy. The liberty thus wrested by the people from their spiritual, most effectually opened their eyes to the various encroachments and impositions of their civil tyrants. Their minds emancipated in one case were naturally restive and turbulent under the restraints to which they submitted in the other. This circumstance rendered the *Kirk* for a long time a common nursery of heroes and statesmen, who boldly asserted the rights and fought the battles of humanity in every kingdom of Europe.

Under a Tory administration, however, in the reign of Queen Anne, this circumstance became so peculiarly obnoxious to the court that various expedients were devised to counteract and even to annihilate its influence. The great men, who had been long accustomed to prescribe in disposing of ecclesiastical preferments, felt their pride offended in proportion as their ancient prerogatives were abridged. It was obvious at the same time, that their influence would inevitably decrease with the increase of their subordinate stations. New statutes were therefore enacted for retrenching the franchises of the latter, and extending the despotism of the former.

These oppressive statutes are to this day a bone of the severest contention among the parties which divide the civil and religious interests in Scotland. The Lord Advocate made himself, from his first appearance at the bar in the Court of Session, peculiarly useful and active, in carrying every obnoxious law into execution. It was in this line that he promised himself the most sanguine success in all his exorbitant schemes of ambition. No man's address was more fulsome and abject to the minions in place, or more impious, arrogant, and inhuman to those

beneath him, than his. And he who could bully and hector in the Parliament House, like another Thersites, was uniformly marked as the most fawning, cajoling, and supple of all the sycophantic tribe at the levees of the great, and the tables of the gay. Pride and meanness are inseparable, and his lordship's share of both is equally liberal and extraordinary.

On his first setting out in this hopeful career, he sedulously attached himself to a party in the government of the church, among whom the famous historian Dr. Robertson affected a leading. It was by this expedient he could best secure the friendship of those by whom he meant to establish himself in power. The people were tenacious of their religious rights, and to deprecate these with steadiness and effect was the readiest way of ingratiating himself with their masters.

The gentlemen of influence and property in Scotland are for the most part so inveterately inimical to the common rights of humanity, as to continue the exercise of their authority over their respective vassals or dependents with the most insufferable insolence and oppression. The liberty or freedom assumed and realized by the people of England, is for this reason so mortifying and degrading to their imaginary consequence, that they seldom or never mention it but in terms the most insulting and opprobrious. The common people are for this reason kept at so great a distance, and treated by every doughty *laird* with so much stateliness and reserve, that their real sentiments or feelings, on any thing of a publick and general nature, are never known. Those of the clergy, especially, who saw through this extreme debasement of their fellow creatures, have struggled for half a century to accomplish a revolution in their favours. This is called in their language, the *rights of the Christian people*. Nor has civil liberty been asserted with more zeal and firmness by us, than this cant description of the same object by them.

It was the spirit by which this generous confederacy was formed and animated, that prompted the abettors of tyranny to adopt the most oppressive schemes, and assimilate the most different parties in their own defence. Dr. Robertson was deemed the most likely man

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man for carrying on the business with success and dispatch. His address was plausible and insinuating, his eloquence elaborate and sophistical, and his principles as pliable as his views were selfish and ambitious. The plan, therefore, by which he has hitherto maintained a majority in the *General Assembly of the Kirk*, does equal credit to his, and to their heart who have all along patronized and countenanced him. Most of the crown livings in Scotland were resigned to his disposal, and in the distribution of these a strict regard has been inviolably preserved, not to liberality or worth, but to meanness and insignificance. The clergy in the country, especially of late, have consequently succeeded best, who were least acceptable to their inferiors, and cringed most obsequiously to those above them. In this detestable and mortifying system, he has been joined and supported by the whole landed interest of Scotland. It struck them as the most probable means of quashing that noble spirit of independence, which was so much encouraged and promoted by those who made religion subservient to the claims of humanity. For this reason, every little and grovelling despot considered his interest as involved in its success. But no man was more distinguished by such ignoble exertions than the Lord Advocate, who, notwithstanding his characteristic rudeness and effrontry, has been oftener than once put to silence by the honest and pointed replies of a *plain presbyterian parson*.

These anecdotes give no unsatisfactory account of the Treasurer's late apostacy from his old political friends. His principles are happily of such a texture, as uniformly to suit his interest. How perfectly farcical, therefore, and chimerical must not all those reforms in which his colleagues are engaged appear to him. His officious interference at elections for members of parliament was a decided proof of the system which corresponded most with his inclination. And he, who has been thus active in baffling the choice of his own countrymen, cannot with much consistency concur in forwarding any measure, which may tend to a more equal and constitutional representation in this.

His lordship's abilities, if depreciated by one party, are at least as much overrated by another. His life has been

too busy and active to leave him leisure for the liberal improvement of his faculties, by a proper attention to the elements of any one useful or general science. His written compositions are peculiarly flat, and, without regularity or design, discover a most tedious formality, the impertinence of a pedant, and the garrulity of a dotard. To speak critically, he has neither taste nor genius. His conceptions are all rude and gross, and he expresses them with vulgarity, temerity, and in such an useless profusion of words, as dazzles the shallow, and even sometimes perplexes and confounds the acutest understandings.

He is not, however, destitute of parts. What address he may display in the etiquette of office, in the defence of his own conversion, in the support of the most unpopular minister ever this country had, in repelling the indignant contempt of those whom he formerly opposed on another ground, and in the exercise of all his new honours and powers, time and experience only can unfold. With what consummate effrontery he has repeatedly hectored on the Treasury-bench will not be soon forgotten by those who have witnessed his frantic gesticulations, and been stunned by his intemperate vociferation. The truth is, his only talent is extempore speaking. And his speeches are not without a vein of strong rough sense, though his furious abruptness, his awkward and boisterous manners, his boorish and uncouth articulation, his extreme noise, confusion, and verbosity, render him altogether, perhaps, one of the most disgusting orators that ever addressed a popular assembly. His audacity often contrasts him with the first speakers of the age, and in these encounters he seems to imagine that his opinions, like bullets, should knock them down by the violence of their utterance. But all his hereditary stock of impudence, all his artifice in accommodating his various powers to his own emolument, all the fulsome adulation and encomiums of his own party and countrymen, and all the honours and wealth of office conferred on him by the present premier, as the reward of treachery to his predecessor, will never reconcile the people of England with a reverence or respect for talents which have been so strenuously exerted to undo them.

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. No. LXII.

**Ἐσ γέλωτα ἔτρεπον τὸ πρᾶγμα.*

THUCYDIDES.

“ They turned the affair into ridicule.”

“ **T**O define Ridicule, has puzzled and vexed all the criticks,” says Lord Kaines, in his Elements of Criticism—a book which investigates the principles of taste with much philosophical ingenuity. But although he prides himself in “ having happily unravelled the knotty part,” he exhibits a new instance of the truth of the maxim, that “ Definitions are dangerous.” For he does not express with clearness what is meant by that faculty. Nor is he aware of the consequence when he admits the celebrated proposition of a noble author, that Ridicule is the test of truth. He speaks of a *sense of Ridicule* as independent, and not at all under the control of judgement. Whereas, if that were the case, a wise man would not have the advantage over a fool which he now has, and to which he is undoubtedly entitled. We need not wonder that one who has written upon so many subjects should sometimes miss his aim.

By Ridicule I understand a faculty of representing any object as at once ridiculous and contemptible, whether it be so in its own nature or not. This may be done either by falsely adjecting qualities to it, or by magnifying out of all proportion some of its qualities, and keeping others out of sight.

Thus, if one mischievously pins a dirty rag to the best looked and best dressed person in a publick assembly, as “ a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump,” this one mean circumstance of ridicule will destroy the effect of all the perfection natural and artificial. In the same manner if a wicked rogue shall create a belief of extreme vanity or self-conceit being inherent in the highest character, the malignant influence will operate with equal strength. Yet, in both these cases, the circumstances of ridicule do not belong to the objects but are superinduced. And if the wisest man has a red nose, a large belly, or a pair of long lank legs perpetually pointed out as his characteristick, the respect which he ought

to have, will be lost in the risibility excited by a strong ludicrous idea.

I speak of the generality of mankind who have not from study and habit the vigorous use of judgement to counteract such ludicrous influence. The Roman poet frankly admits “ *Simia quam similis turpissima bestia nobis*—how like to us is the ape, the basest of animals.” And the truth is, that the generality of mankind are as prone to grinning laughter at trifles as monkeys are. Such is the *sense of Ridicule*, to which if we should trust the test of the first principles of human nature, we should be contemptible indeed, and there would be an end of that dignity which we certainly can conceive, of which we have in every age some instances, and to which we should all aspire.

What I have said as to persons will apply to things, to subjects of every consideration, even the most valuable and sacred, which, fictions added, or particular parts distorted by enlargement, will make quite different in the view of most observers. How has the useful and agreeable subordination of civil society from the monarch to the lowest subjects, how has the grand and comfortable system of religion, been made to appear absurd to many who had faculties fitted only to submit, not to understand? An astronomer, gazing at the sky for hours in the night through a tube, may be easily made the sport of a foolish clown who has not the least notion of what is thus to be learned. A holy hermit, abstaining from sensual gratifications of high relish, and devoting himself for hours to religious exercises, may be looked upon with scorn by a fine gentleman, who is as ignorant of piety as a clown is of astronomy, who perceives only starving, watching, and kneeling, and knows not the sublime enjoyments of spiritual delight, or the enlarged benevolence of intercession at the throne of Heaven with which the saint is animated.

It is true we are told by Horace, when

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when describing the talents of *Lucilius* as a writer,

"*Ridiculum acri*

Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque fecat res.
For, Ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot when graver reasons fail."

FRANCIS.

But to cut with this weapon is not very safe. For we know that it is by no means like the spear of Ithuriel, but will cut indiscriminately, right or wrong. In the Old Testament we find the Prophet Elijah employing it very successfully against the priests of Baal till they in despair cut *themselves* with knives; but in the New and better Testament there is not the slightest appearance of it upon any occasion. I am therefore always offended when I find it used in religious controversy, which is too frequent in the writings of Protestants against Roman Catholicks, where it is not a bit fairer than when used by Deists against Christians in general. Let doctrines be tried by evidence and by reasoning, not by Ridicule, which, the more exalted and solemn the subject is, has the greater advantage.

There is, however, a clear distinction between that gay and pleasant species of argument, which, as it were by throwing more light upon a subject, makes error more evident, and that scoffing Ridicule which raises the passion of pride like a tempest, and disturbs the fair power of judging. In the first case he who is to judge smiles. In the second he sneers. In the first he views his neighbour with a complacent condescension; in the second with an insolent contempt.

"*And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin,*"

is a very just line in Dr. Brown of Carlisle's Poetical Essay on Satire. That would not be the case were wise men the judges, before whom the fallies of Ridicule would pass like the tricks of a mountebank. But as ten of mankind can be tickled with what is ludicrous for one that can separate and determine with penetration and sagacity, Ridicule is therefore to be voluntarily checked by worthy men who are possessed of it, and to be restrained in the unprincipled by some other sense of awe or of interest, in every case where its effect may be to lessen the re-

verence which ought to be entertained for important truths or elevated stations.

Man has been denominated by one of the ancient philosophers "a risible animal," and I should be sorry to counteract his natural propensity: But there may be a deal of laughter without Ridicule, though some have maintained contempt to be an essential ingredient in it, a proposition which I am certain is not true. There may be innumerable sportive flights of a playful imagination which only exhilarate for the moment. But cutting Raillery, depreciating Sarcasm, or any mode of Ridicule which destroys real good qualities is to be avoided as poison.

As there is no metal but what has some dross in it, so there is nothing human so perfect but there may be something ridiculous discovered in it, if, like Satan, we "desire to sift it as wheat." Buffoons, reversing the noble purpose of the alchymist in transmutation, endeavour to debase the substance which is unlucky enough to be brought into their crucible, and are but too successful. I have been vexed with instances of this which have fallen within my own sphere. Even a good man who has a luxuriance of Ridicule in his mind is at times betrayed into such instances for which he is afterwards heartily sorry. Dean Swift, I am persuaded, upon many occasions felt a severe regret for fallies of Ridicule that broke from him unseasonably, and lessened his authority as a clergyman. There is great difficulty in preserving the boundaries between what is grave and what is ridiculous; and although Calamy tells us of *Wild*, a presbyterian minister, who was remarkable for facetiousness and being what is called a boon companion, that "he was very serious in serious things," which is so far much to be praised, I doubt that his seriousness would, at least in the suspicion of others, be too much tinged with the ridiculous.

But it is not the Ridiculous considered only as a laughable quality that I intend as the subject of this paper. It is Ridicule which I have already observed comprehends contempt, and for that reason is noxious. It is vain to argue, as many have done, that Ridicule can make nothing contemptible that is not really so. It is true it can-

not

not do it essentially in the opinion of the judicious. But in the opinion of levity and inconsideration it changes a subject, it turns it into Ridicule as my motto bears, a phrase which is not only a good expression in the Greek of Thucydides, but is a common colloquial idiom in our own and other modern languages, a sure proof that it is a just one.

Ridicule, I own, is no small gratification to those who can command it; for it gratifies at once risibility and pride, both of which are strong in human nature: and I would allow of some indulgence in it in cases where one has first settled by consideration that contempt can do no hurt, but perhaps good. There are many cases which are fair game for Ridicule merely as sport, and others which require it as a corrective, as is well expressed in a late prologue:

"Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
[alone.]
"And checked (if checked) by Ridicule

But to have prurient powers of Ridicule of which one has not the command, and which, unrestrained by reason, run wild upon all occasions, is certainly a great misfortune; for they not only get one many enemies who are keenly exasperated, but prevent the grave enjoyments of study, esteem, and admiration, which are far superior to the ticklings and convulsions of contemptuous risibility. Ridicule *crescit*

indulgens sibi—grows by indulgence. When excessive, it is a kind of mental drunkenness. It throws every object, whether great or beautiful, into one undistinguished mass of grotesque appearance. It exhausts the spirits to weariness, and at last makes one fully sensible of the truth of the wise man's remark, "I said of laughter it is sad."

I am possessed of an excellent large folio Dutch book of Emblems, by Jacob Catts. The designs and engravings are remarkably good, and the morals are given in verse in different languages as well as in that of *Vaderland*, as Holland is affectionately designed by her steady native. There is in this book a very just admonition against a thoughtless indulgence of Ridicule. A line of persons are walking along in succession in different dresses. The second is laughing at the first, the third at the second, and the finger of scorn is pointed by each behind the others back, through the whole line, while it is evident to the Spectator that not one of them has a better reason for sport than the other, and that he who laughs at his neighbour, is in his turn as much laughed at, without his being at all conscious of it. Indeed they who are most apt to exercise ridicule, are often most ridiculous themselves, and were this to be inculcated upon them it is to be hoped they would conduct themselves with more caution and moderation.

TO THE AUTHORS OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

I Have just now learned, that, in your last Review, after almost a whole twelvemonth had elapsed (a very moderate time for ruminating) ye have, at length, thought fit to honour my Pamphlet on Nervous Disorders, and to lay me under unmerited obligations. Laconic, indeed, is the sentence.

"At the beginning of this letter, we are informed, that it was written at the earnest desire of a friend: but as it contains nothing that can be new even to the generality of medical readers, we cannot conceive what could induce the writer to print and publish it."

Generously declining the appearance of an open encounter, ye favoured me with reserved insinuation; nor have

ye so much as summoned your innocent auxiliaries, *the generality of medical readers*. I must, however, so far avail myself of your friendship, as to insist on an explicit specification of the authorities, upon which the several observations on nervous disorders, if not my own, have been adopted.

In the mean time, I have done all in my power to enable you to conceive, what your modesty thought beyond all conception; how he, who had, at the earnest desire of a friend, made a systematic investigation of, perhaps, the most important subject in the human economy, could be induced, not only to print and publish, but to carry it from edition to edition.

A. THOMSON.
FOR

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

A LETTER FROM THE LEARNED AND TRULY EMINENT
DR. JEREMIAH TAYLOR, BISHOP OF DOWN IN THE KING-
DOM OF IRELAND.

(Never before published. Vid. the last Magazine.)

ON SIMONY.

SIR,

YOU are so wholly a stranger to me that I may reasonably expect your pardon, if I make no address to you, but give a direct answer to a case put, as if I were to speak without consideration of any person in the world. I am well pleased that I am to deal with a contentious person: one sensible of the great evil that was committed; for the law calls Simony *capitale crimen*; and Isidore * calls the Simoniac *χριστοφόροι*. [Murderer of Christ] and the great detestation which the church had, and hath of this crime, is sufficiently expressed in the appendant penalties. The punishment of excommunication was the chief; and that so firmly imposed, that the Pope himself (who anciently was the chief, and was always accounted the prime bishop) could not immediately take it off. It was also added *in cautionem*, that an oath be taken by the clerk, that his soul might be affrighted by two such burdens as Simony and Perjury: and this, as far as I at present remember, was enjoyned in the second council of Toledo. It was also added by the canons ecclesiastical, *in detestationem criminis* [to mark their abhorrence of the crime] that whereas in other accusations it was provided, that the accusers should be of good fame, in this case, the testimony of criminal and infamous persons might be admitted.

It was the sin of Gehazi, and of Simon Magus, and all Simoniacs, are their posterity, as the faithful are the children of Abraham. On this I add the words of P. Gelasius, to stir you up to a more vigorous and pungent repentance—“ *Non sine periculo facinus tale patrantes, quia dantem pariter accipientemque Dominatione Simonis, quam sacra Letio Testamenti involvit.* [The seller and the purchaser are equally involved in the guilt and condemnation of Simony, by the decisions of holy writ.]

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* Surnamed Pelusiotia from the place of his birth in Egypt, now called Damietta.

Dublin, July 28, 1662.

But now, Sir, to your question; whether you may retain the benefice, or be tied to quit it and to refund the main profits, I am to speak with some more wariness.

I. I observe that all the antient canons of the church, when they speak wisely, and decree firmly against Simony, mean by it, that crime which men committed by buying holy orders:—such who gave money to be made bishops or priests: and because the holy order was a gift of the Holy Ghost, to give money for the promotion was directly the sin of Simon Magus. For before the council of Chalcedon, the clergy were ordained *anonymously without title or proper cure*; but, attending on their bishop in the cities, were by him sent into the villages, to preach the gospel to the people, as occasion was ministered; so that then the buying of church livings was not known, and there was no such thing as that kind of Simony. And afterwards, when the curates were fixed to particular rural cures, they were ordained at the same time when a cure was entrusted to them, and therefore we cannot tell of any other crime in the Simoniacal [Catalogue] but the giving a temporal thing for the promotion of holy orders.—In the descent of the church and the change of manners, then the benefice was more valuable than the honour and the cure, and such promotions were advantages *pro tempore*. Then men would give money with that intention that they might have more; and then the church extended the signification of [Simony to] a buying [its] temporal [emolumens]. This was done with great caution and great reason. But then, when we enquire into the nature of things, this caution signifies no more, but that this instance I speak of, is Simony, just in the same degree, as it is sacrilege to steal a coun-

tryman's

tryman's cassock out of a church. *Sacerdotum qui defserit*, whether it be *in sacro* or *in non sacro*, is sacrilege in its own nature by the laws civil and ecclesiastical. So is the other: but it is but *simile sacrilegio*; it is sacrilege by participation or similitude. And so is the giving money for an ecclesiastical revenue. It is Simony by reduction. It hath in it the reproach of Simony, and the scandal and the punishment. But it is not such Simony as to buy sacraments or holy orders. But it is very bad and condemned by the whole church; and is so like original and proper Simony, that a man is the worse for it; and we must abstain from all appearance of evil.

II. Since this is Simony by adoption, and by the act of the church, and the sanction of human laws, it is just in such a manner to be punished as human laws appoint. The penalty is expressed in the second canon of the council of Chalcedon, εἰτῷ εὐλαύνον τὸν αἰγαῖον καὶ τὸ φροντιστήριον επεριχωμένον εὐτυχεῖν [Let him who hath prospered or made a fortune by such a purchase be divested of his dignity and his cure.] But how? *Convictos oportet arceri* [The convicted Simoniac ought to be expelled] says Pope Gelasius: that is, if he be publicly delated and convicted; else he cannot: nay, he may be admitted to canonical purgation by some late canons; and therefore it follows that he is not *ipso facto* excommunicate, in which case, only, or the like, the criminal is bound *cedere* [to submit] and not to expect the sentence of the judge.—“But in your case there is indemnity by the act of parliament, says your lawyer, and therefore as to that, you are εἰς τὸν βέλαινον [out of harm’s way.]”—I could also add, that you were in your living by the right patron (as you say) without any payment or stipulation. But you made solution to the son who is not patron; and though that shews you had *animus Simoniaca* [a Simoniacal disposition] and so you stand guilty and obliged to a severe and lasting repentance and humiliation. Yet you having taken no oath, nor yet committed the sin *in foro exteriori* [in public court] you are culpable before God, and may possibly (so long as it is not manifest or scandalous) say with David, *Tibi solo peccavi* [against thee only have I sinned.] But take heed of continuing in that sin or

betraying the rights of the church; for if you quit any portion of your tithes you are not only simoniacal but sacrilegious too, and consequently are tied to restitution: for sacrilege is against the first table, and the second too; but Simony precisely so considered, is only against the first; and therefore obliges only to repentance before God, not to restitution, unless it be by accident complicated with injury; which I do not perceive in your case.

Sir, I am in haste, because just at this time we are in a hurry about the reception of the lord-lieutenant, and other public affairs. If any stone remains yet in your foot, if you please to write to me, I will give you the best advice I can. Your sin was very great, get quit of it as soon as you can, by a great and persevering repentance in all the parts and instances of it; and be diligent in your charge, and so make the best amends you can for your ill entrance. God of his mercy give you grace and pardon; a perfect repentance and a peaceful conscience, which is the hearty prayer of

Your very affectionate friend,

In the Lord Jesus.

JEREM. DUNENSIS.

[N. B. This letter not proving thoroughly satisfactory to the person to whom it was addressed (viz. Mr. John Berry, of Barnstaple) the following was sent by the great and amiable prelate, a few months afterwards, to remove all future scruples, with respect to the living which had been Simoniacaally obtained.]

Dublin, Sept. 26, 1662.

SIR,

I See that to take a scruple out of a tender conscience, is as difficult and painful as to draw the splinters of a broken bone from the tenderest flesh. And I see it happens to you as to the most nice consciences it happeneth often: you are so fearful of the evil that you never think yourself cured, till you forget that ever you were sick. But to the remaining particulars I give these answers.

I. For the custom of the exemption of some tithings. I see you are willing enough to believe it to be an old custom, that with a quiet conscience you may gratify the father. Take heed, lest your desire it should be lawful do too easily pass into a belief that it is so, and so be mistaken

mistaken for an argument to prove it. But if you and the patron agree upon stating the case, and refer it to two lawyers, you will soon understand what is the church's right, and then you must proceed accordingly. If the church have the right, you must secure it to succession, and for your own right you may give it to whom you please. But you must not do it to the patron of the living, upon consideration that he presented you. If you do it *intuitu charitatis* [from an impulse of charity] in case he be poor; or for the sake of removing vexatious litigations you may safely do it, so that your heart be right, and deceive you not; and always providing security for your successor, and to take care lest your example also be brought in to prove the exemption hereafter.

II. You say the benefice is now in the patron's dispose. If so, in case he present you *de novo* [afresh] upon a clear title, you may safely enter. But if you will be safe, the best advice I can give you is to confess your former fault to your bishop, in whose diocese it is, and if he enjoin you satisfaction, and absolve you, you are well, if you be truly a penitent before God.

III. You enquire what is to be done with the tythes already received by the patron? If you clear the right to be in the church, the patron is bound to refund the main profits. You may forgive your own five years, if your reason and your end be innocent; else it is not enough for you to warn him to restore. If you were sure in conscience that the tithes were your's, and yet could not recover them by law, then *monuisse sat est* [admonition is sufficient:] but because you know not till the law hath determined the main question; as soon as you know they are your due, so soon by virtue of that legal sentence you have recovered the main profits; and then in case you be inclined to part with them from yourself, get them to the church which hath been injured by the Simoniacal contract and bellow them on the poor, or upon her structure and adornment; and if you respite a part it will be well.—But so far

as I perceive all this is to little purpose: for if the patron [hath] the living now in his hand; and that he will not present till the cause of exemption be decided, all that you enquire, and all that I answer, will be *extra alias* [beside the point.] I confess I do not well understand your letter, as to that part which you twice mention.

IV. For the point of keeping a living simoniacally gotten, I see nothing to alter from what I said formerly. You cannot keep it if your Simony be proved, or confessed, or notorious: but if it be secret, the punishments which by man's law are to be inflicted, cannot fall on you. But if you have really injured the church, in any way of material detriment, though but by accident, occasioned by this, you cannot be excused from endeavouring to make her amends. But for [your retaining] it I see no impossibility. (1) In case your patron present you *de novo*. (2) If the bishop absolve and admit you. (3) If the scandal be removed, which those that are private to the sin may [stumble] at; your enjoying that [which was the effect] of your sin.

V. But I add.—Although I know no law in force against you in this so stated, so provided for; yet if you talk of CHRISTIAN PERFECTION (from which he is very far distant who hath not very greatly repented of and made amends for so great a crime) then I am to tell you, that indeed it is better to cancel all your scores, all your grounds of doubting, and sit down in ashes till the church by a public sentence restore you, which in this whole affair is the safest thing I can advise.

Your, &c.

JEREM. DUNENSIS.

[N. B. Mr. Berry did not follow the last advice of the venerable bishop. He quitted his living indeed; but instead of "fitting in ashes till restored by the church", he joined the nonconformists in erecting an interest to oppose its authority, and as far as possible to vacate its decrees and suppress its orders. Whether by this, he "cancelled his old scores," or created new ones, is a point we must leave to the decision of others.]

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

A Key to the Modern System of moral and political Empiricism; or, a new Catechism à-la-mode, for the use of St. Stephen's Chapel, and all the sober families in the Beau Monde.

Q. **W**HAT is your name?

A. **T**ORY, man of the world, or a fine gentleman!

Q. Who gave you this name?

A. I. The patriots to stigmatize and expose me as a poor, paltry, unprincipled wretch, who, for my own sinister and selfish ends, can stoop to any thing, do any thing, say any thing, be any thing.

II. My constituents when I bought them to put myself in a disposition for sale, by which I become one of the cormorant majority in a certain hell-fire club, a gaping candidate for every vacancy that happened, and an inheritor in common with others of the publick plunder.

III. My honourable and right honourable good masters, who bribe me that I may bribe and lie for them, and that a party may enrich themselves in the poverty of the whole, rise in fortune, and splendor, and power, in proportion as their country dwindles into littleness and insignificance, and with infinite lubricity and ostentation, perk their venality, and luxury, and impotence, in the face of an indignant publick.

Q. What then did your political guides or instructors do for you?

A. They did not promise or swear for me, or in my name, any more than I am willing and ready to perform! we can never be too much in their power, who have the making of us. Nor do they exert themselves for any, in whom, they have not the fullest confidence. None of your white-liver'd squeamish villians will do for a tory! All black, or no devil is the word with them. They engaged I should renounce, for ever, the true interest of my country, damn patriotism by the lump, explode every sort of publick virtue, support the minister in all his blackest machinations and works, prefer, in flat contradiction to honour or conscience, the most iniquitous emoluments of place, stick at nothing which can by any means advance my fortune, pamper ha-

bits of luxury, or swell the equipage of pride; adopt, with the gaping and implicit stupidity of a Musselman, all the dogmas of the court, all the ænigmas and solecisms of the junto, and all the most flagrant impositions and lies of their hawkers, incendiaries, or spies, and keep inviolably the will of the most powerful and prosperous, or whoever seems best qualified to recompence my obedience, and never, for any thing earth or heaven can urge, to swerve in a single instance, from my own pleasure, or pride, or profit, all the days of my life.

Q. Dost thou not think thou art bound to believe and to do, as they have promised, and prescribed for thee?

A. Yes verily, and by the devil's assistance so I will, and I heartily thank him that he hath called me to this lucrative situation, where if I must go to hell it shall be through all the flowery paths of pleasure, in no narrow unfrequented, but a broad and beaten track, not in the society of monks and hermits, but of maccaronies and harlots; nor with an hungry belly and empty pockets, but fated with dainties, and glutted with money. And I most sincerely pray the gay and fashionable god of this dear and delightful *beau monde* may enable me to continue thus opulent, unprincipled, voluptuous, and vain to my life's end.

Q. Rehearse the articles of thy belief?

A. I believe the many were made to be the slaves and drudges of the few. - Our ancestors who bled and died for liberty, were fools and madmen.—The mere letter or form of the constitution is competent for all the purposes of government. The King is his own minister, and his servants as bare executors of his will, are not responsible for any thing they do. All we are, and all we have, are in the disposal of the crown, and it is our greatest wisdom, as well as our highest interest, to be ticklers for prerogative. As nothing can be done without a majority, no expence should

should be spared in procuring one, and the end is of consequence enough to sanctify the foulest means. Bribery of all kinds and degrees, like the illicit commerce of the tories, is only criminal when not transacted with sufficient secrecy. No man, who eats the bread of government, ought to have a different opinion from his masters, as the fullest acquiescence in their most frantic measures, is a condition uniformly, though tacitly imposed on all they employ.—The placid exterior of those in place and pay, as contrasted with the turbulence and restiveness of their opponents, always put one in mind of the ruffian, who knocks you down and takes your purse, triumphing in his booty, and leaving you bleeding and writhing in agony and wounds! Moderation is the greatest of all political virtues, as all exertions of liberty are harmless in proportion as they are cool. No encroachments on the rights of humanity, were ever effectually opposed, no requisitions of despotism ever seriously disputed, no system of slavery, ever thoroughly demolished, no profligate ministry ever condignly punished, no imperial monster ever dragged from a throne of cruelty, or made the victim of popular fury as a dreadful warning to tyrants, but where this cringing, cozening, supple, submissive, and essential ingredient of loyalty and obedience, was publickly exploded and renounced.

I believe the most eligible and useful qualities of a prime minister are, adroitness in fleecing the people, and a prodigality in squandering their money among syphocants and knaves. By the one he destroys the independence of the subject, and by the other extends the influence of the crown. The most infallible way of accomplishing the ruin of our country and constitution, is in this manner to cram the national purse, only for the sake of glutting her blood-suckers, or aggrandizing the worst in the reduction of the best. A blind predilection for unpopular and abortive plans of action, is a most ingenious expedient for augmenting our fleets and armies, increasing the publick expenditure, swelling the national debt, fingering every vestige of remaining property among us, rendering the support of tyranny a general concern, improving the emoluments of place, and destroying the responsibility of office. Tories, who

are all guided by one principle of one mind in one plot, should divide the spoil exclusively among themselves, unless when a whig general or admiral may be thought a necessary figure in the farce, for reviving our expiring credit, and engrossing the publick odium. We have then the savage delight of seeing them instantly become the innocent and unsuspecting dupes of our treacherous machinations, and turned out like bulls to be baited, or stags to be hunted, or run down, by a ruthless swarm of hireling spies, informers, and libellers, who, like most other grubs or insects, do an infinite deal of petty mischief, by always living and nibbling under ground.

I believe the most laudable object of all true policy is to tame or subdue, by every possible artifice, publick spirit or popular obstinacy, to crush the brave by violence and oppression, and stimulate the base by flattery and promotion. Machiavel could not have suggested a more happy invention, for debilitating the manly genius of freedom, than by dazzling the eyes of the multitude with show, absorbing their hearts in dissipation, and setting their minds a gadding after pleasure in every form, and fortune of every dimension, encouraging every trivial and fantastic etiquette in ceremony, every foreign and preposterous innovation in dress, every gaudy and expensive superfluity in fashion, and every idle and licentious scene of publick and infamous resort. Our peculiar penetration and insight in the bosoms and actions of others, enable us under the discretion and experience of our own hearts to pronounce, with decision and confidence, all the clamour of patriots, to be only the popular mode of buying themselves in, and kicking us out of place. And whenever their struggles seem likely to make a general impression, we have only to represent them as beggars and vagabonds, who wish to overturn the state, that they may get rich in the wreck. We can never be too attentive and determined in quashing and proscribing every symptom of returning liberty, as we have no other safety but in national abjection and servility. Petitions, committees, associations, and delegations, should be instantly buried under all the hardest words, and vilest names, which language and sophistry

can furnish or accumulate. The prying inquisitive spirit of vulgar curiosity is not to be humoured at the expence of our peace and honour, who, under an affectation of mystery, can always screen the most flagitious transactions. Every motion or requisition tending to this mortifying purpose, should be infallibly and immediately suppressed and rejected, under the reasonable pretext of *betraying the secrets of government*, as no man could ever enslave a free born people, wriggle himself into sovereignty, stalk in majesty, doze on a throne, or prostitute the emblem and implements of supreme authority, without the assistance of this magical wizard.

I believe the enjoyments, and honours, and emoluments of the world to be the proper and ultimate object of all my hopes and morals. All the little gaieties, and prettinesses, and attentions, are abundantly adequate to all the most important ends of life. Every sort of success in every business, and every profession, depends on dexterity in the punctilio's of ceremony, impudence in the common forms of address, or foppery in the various graces of civility. All our religion is mere appearance, the whining of crocodiles, who feed on the simple and unwary, or the masque that hides from the rabble the dagger by which we cut their throats. Hypocrisy, fornication, and adultery, are privileges sanctified by fashion for the sole intention of meeting the necessities of the great. A lady of quality especially is still honourable though she has lost her honour, and virtuous though she has lost her virtue. All women are children, and all men fools, except a few witches in the one sex, and a few conjurors in the other, who see through the rest, and make their use of them. The various monkish and musty rules of morality, by which many heathens and most of the first christians were so much distinguished, since the rouguery implied in the terms *principle*, *honesty*, and *conscience* was found out, are wisely and happily discarded from all our most celebrated and frequented circles of toryism and chicanery, gallantry, gababoling, garrulity, and politeness.

I believe all these, and a thousand nameless profligacies of the same nature and consequence, to be absolutely

indispensable in the fashionable business of raising a name, living at ease, and creating an estate. Whoever has the least share of publick spirit, or active genius, or real virtue, will always be most universally liked, and caressed, and successful. To make a figure or attract attention at the levees of the great, or the routes of the gay, all company connection or correspondence with whigs, patriots, or republicans, must be studiously avoided, the most fulsome and nauseous draughts presented by the fair hand of a courtier, swallowed without growling or reluctance, and every patriotic motion or proposition damned without a hearing, as the more true, the more heterodox to our system and interest. Above all things the good graces and influence of the ladies are to be procured by a proper modern and publick contempt for honour, modesty, delicacy, or whatever in strict decency of demeanour may clash with the free and full indulgence of all their softest and tenderest desires. Their judgments, however fleeting and volatile, are the inexceptionable standard of good manners, the least breach of which is always most unpardonable in the politest companies. And a Tory, a man of the world, or a fine gentleman, would rather be detected in treachery to merit a pension, in felony to escape the gallows, in the seduction of innocence to merit the approbation of the sex, than be seen in their presence to think, or yawn, or stretch, spit on the floor, or omit taking up a lady's fan, walking at random, or sitting at ease, picking one's teeth, ranging one's ears, or scratching one's head. In the full persuasion and steady practice of these and all the similar maxims and criminalities in high and polished life, my interest, ambition, and inclination, make it necessary to persevere without any regard whatever to these vulgar bugbears of religion, the world to come, the resurrection of the body, or the life everlasting.

Q. What dost thou chiefly learn by these articles of thy belief.

A. I. I learn to vote with the majority, right or wrong, to defend the blunders of administration through thick and thin, and to answer all the reasoning, sarcasm, and plain dealing of

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the minority, with the starch insignificance of an owl, the pertness of a magpie, the sauciness of a cur, or the muteness of a mackerel.

II. I learn by what trifling and small talk to please the ladies, to humour their foibles and prejudices, to decipher the lovely and divine mysteries of their looks, and eyes, and airs, and under their kind auspicious tuition, become a

perfect master of all the secrecy and science of intrigue.

III. I learn how most easily, expeditiously, and flyly to indulge my passions, and gratify my appetites, whether my heart happens to be most addicted to the reputable pleasures of gluttony, gambling, guzzling, wenching, or prosecuting a still more honourable and noble, though nameless stile of amours.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. THE OSSIAN CONTROVERSY STATED.

THE controversy concerning Ossian being agitated for twenty years, and having been lately revived, and warmly discussed by Mess. Shaw and Clarke, and received very lately a decisive blow from the former, we think it due to the publick to be put in possession of an impartial account of the dispute, and the conclusion, as it appears to us from the arguments on both sides.

Dr. Blair, very early, undertook the defence of Ossian, and supported the authenticity by a critical dissertation, and various arguments from the internal evidence for the book. The veracity of the supposed translator, who had told the publick that he was possessed of the original manuscript, being questioned by Dr. Johnson, an appendix containing extracts of letters, and an enumeration of various *ipse dixits* from the Highlands, were subjoined by the zealous doctor, with an affirmation of his own belief, founded on his faith in Mr. Macpherson's personal honour.

But though the editor had in the most publick manner, been often called upon to perform his promise, by depositing or showing the originals, no consideration of honour or interest, could yet induce him to pay any attention to the demands of the publick, whose approbation and censure he seems equally to disregard.

Whilist the Scotch, with some few exceptions, seemed satisfied and secure of the originality, and the English publick, a few learned infidels only excepted, halted between two opinions, Mr. Shaw, being more honest than prudent, who by his dictionary and grammar had attracted some notice, stepped forth with his *enquiry*, to con-

vince Dr. Johnson "that there was one Scotchman who loved truth better than his country, and was a *furdy enough moralist* to declare it, though it should mortify his Caledonian vanity." The rapidity with which this pamphlet, by an author who was expected by his countrymen to be a strenuous defender of Ossian, had travelled into the remotest corners of Scotland, was incredible. Amazement and surprize filled all ranks in contemplating the character of a man, who, under no constraint to publish his sentiments, had told what he believed to be the truth, when it was manifestly his interest to be silent.

In this pamphlet all the vouchers, whose names Dr. Blair had published, Mr. S. severally pointed out, as having been either guilty of collusion, or suffered themselves to be imposed upon by others; challenged them to produce any part of the original, to confirm the truth of their former vouchers to Dr. Blair; and declared that none of those gentlemen could furnish him with any specimen, although he interrogated them, in his peregrinations in that country. As far as the representation and the facts stated by this gentleman have weight, "Fingal never existed in any other form but that in which we have seen it"; but these were supported by his own veracity only, and though they are not yet disproved, it has not appeared to be his interest wantonly to espouse the cause he has taken in hand. His knowledge of the subject must be allowed to be competent, and the conduct of the *editor* and his party very much confirm his facts.

Impartial periodical prints pronounced with Mr. S. the spuriousness of the poems,

poems, if Mr. Macpherson did not make choice of the alternative left him, "either immediately to communicate the originals to competent and disinterested judges, or the infamy that ought ever to stigmatize an impostor: the contempt and execration of the wise and good; and particularly of those who, having been deluded by novelty, or charmed by ingenuity, gave too easy credit to his honour and veracity." These summonses, however, have been disregarded by Mr. Macpherson, and he contented himself with only affording facts that do not concern the question, to Mr. Clark whose manner of writing no provocation can justify. These facts relative to Mr. Shaw's introducing himself to Mr. Macpherson, and that he never presumed to ask a sight of his original MSS. are so contradicted, by the very opposite being proved, in Mr. S.'s. reply to Clark, to which * for want of room we must refer our readers, that the translator of Ossian is shown guilty of "defending one imposture by another."

In the answer to this pamphlet by Clarke, all temper is lost, and the main question forgot in abusing, collecting, or forging anecdotes of his antagonist. By this author's unbounded fury, the cause has rather been hurt than defend-

ed; for he seems afraid of enquiry, and is more thirsty after Mr. Shaw's character, than desirous of producing the originals. These, indeed, he has not even promised to show, and if they have them, why not show them? Mr. S. has vindicated his character from the aspersions thrown upon it.

"Surely (says he) there is a time when a question like this must have an end. If Fingal exists in Galic let the MSS. be shown. When Nodot pretended to have discovered a complete Petronius at Belgrade, the general cry of the learned was, 'Show us the MSS.' When very lately some letters were printed under the name of the Pope Ganganelli, the reasons, however specious, that were offered for the authenticity, were effectually silenced by one demand, 'show us the originals.' Show us the originals, Show us the MSS. have been often sounded in the ears of Macpherson and other translators of Erse poetry, but like the discoverer of Petronius, and the conservator of the Pope's supposed letters, they have been "stubbornly and audaciously silent," the last refuge of guilt. We, therefore, finally conclude that the whole has been a forgery, upon which, however, Mr. Macpherson has built his fortune.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

TO THE

I AM just returned from taking a very pleasant walk with a gentleman who lives the next door but one to me, a very sensible, serious, and entertaining companion indeed; his being so near a neighbour, and often calling on me to spend an hour or two in conversation, makes my retired situation very agreeable. Alas! what is the most desirable situation in life, or even life itself without a friend, one with whom we may converse with openness and freedom, to whom we may unbosom with safety the secrets of our very hearts, and on whom we may securely rely for assistance and advice in every exigency and distress? A late eminent writer was so far convinced of the worth of a true friend, as to say,

The world in purchase of a friend is gain.
Dr. YOUNG.

EDITOR.

Our sentiments on religious subjects happily coincide, our opinions on men and things readily correspond, and our ages and dispositions are much alike, so that my friend and me, match pretty well (as some persons say) and we seem mutually designed to be agreeable to each other.

The subject of our conversation this morning was, the pleasures of religion, or the happiness of a real christian in the present life, founded on the wise man's assertion, *wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.*

Pope very justly observes in his Essay on Man,

Religion only makes our bliss below.
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.

Several arguments equally strong and persuasive, were adduced by my friend in

* Published in a second edition of Mr. Shaw's Enquiry.

in favour of religion and the pleasures of it, but none more striking, in my opinion than this, a good man may be in adversity, and suffer affliction in common with the rest of mankind, but he need not be distressed, or sorrow, as those without hope, being well assured, his heavenly father will either give him strength to bear it with patience and resignation, or graciously remove it from him, or him by it into glory, where all tears shall be wiped away for ever

from his eyes, and the inhabitants shall no more say I am sick.

If this argument in favour of a religious life, should be likely, in your opinion Mr. Editor, in the least to subserve the important ends and purposes of true piety and rational religion, you are welcome to communicate it to the world through the channel of your entertaining Magazine, from, Sir,

Your constant reader,

THE RURAL CHRISTIAN.
Hampstead, April 4.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO THEATRICAL HEROES OF SHAKSPEARE AND CORNEILLE.

THESEUS AND HAMLET.

Thef. **W**HAT still that contracted brow! still! those deep traces of grief and disappointment! I expected to find in thee a savage barbarous joy--an exulting triumph, for thou at last killedst thy uncle with all his imperfections on his head--with all his crimes full blown.

Ham. The sneers of Theseus I never expected--nor dreaded his reproaches. The savage tamer of monsters--the betrayer of Ariadne--the licentious favourite of a gigantic amazon, would have been silent: It is the French Theseus, the frivolous coxcomb--the effeminate dangler, who lives only in his mistress's smiles--who dares now to insult the avenger of his father's murderer and the usurper of his throne. I once adored thee, Theseus!--thy power controlled those monsters which were the most dangerous pests of infant society--thy authority curbed for a time the licence of faction, and thy force compelled, when thy eloquence could not persuade--but from the hands of thy second parent, thou art the glittering butterfly of a summer's day which every ruder blast will destroy. The name of Theseus, by recalling what thou *hast* been, is the severest satire on what thou art.

The. Thy railings and thy flattery make an equal impression--they shall not divert me from my purpose. I might in my turn soothe thy ear by courtesy--or rouse thee by upbraiding; but I would more calmly enquire into thy conduct in thy second existence, and

ask thee how thou would defend thy cruel and inconsistent conduct. Thou wisthest to appear gentle, generous, and good, yet thy insults to Ophelia were cruel and unmanly, if you did not feign that passion for her, which you constantly expressed. You upbraided your mother with the most unexampled and unjustifiable severity, since she could not know the extent of her fault, and, with the most diabolical revenge, refused to punish a crime, of which you were appointed the avenger, because you could not add eternal perdition to the present penalty.

Ham. I cannot coolly reason on subjects which I feel so nearly--A mind distracted with contending passions--torn at the same time by love and pity--by horror and revenge, cannot candidly distribute poetical justice--nor, like Theseus, while Thebes is depopulated by a devouring pestilence, dread only his mistress's frown. The author of my ideal existence copied only his own feelings. *He* was at the time, the Hamlet solemnly called on by a venerable being--a supernatural spirit--the spirit of his murdered father--burning with revenge against an incestuous monster--the murderer of his parent--the usurper of his throne. Was this a time for him to pipe in a mistress's chamber? To crown his brow with garlands? Or amble to the warblings of a lute? To utter his words to soft music, or to string them in rhyme?--The most eager credulity shrinks at the thought.

The. Start not from the subject--nor think by a poetical rhapsody, to

oppose the dictates of cool reason. How were your cruel insults to Ophelia connected with your revenge—your guise of madness, assumed without reason, and laid aside without its having answered any purpose, might have been conducted at a distance from your soul's fond idol, and mistress of your heart. The wildest madmen have their aversions and inclinations, and it would have been no proof of your reason, had you avoided her whom you were accustomed to seek with solicitude—and covered with an air of reserve, the fondest emotions of your love. Your scheme might have been carried on any where but in the chamber of Ophelia.

Ham. You are mistaken, Theseus. I was in the court of a cruel usurper, who had already waded through blood to the throne, and might be expected to support it by the same means—continually surrounded by the basest court sycophants, ready to misinterpret, and eager to misrepresent. In this situation I could only expect to live by appearing an object unworthy of jealousy, and almost beneath contempt—I am surprised that my senses were really preserved, and am not clear if much of my flighty extravagance was not owing to an imagination really disordered.

The. Hold, Hamlet—this is not the first time that thy incongruity has been defended in that manner by thy fond admirers, and a living commentator of thy high authority (Digges) is said to have spoken a strange speech of thine, in a scene subsequent to thy father's story, in a manner which seems to support it.

There's not a villain in all Denmark [gravely,
But he's an arrant knave — [flightily and
wildly.]

Thou art not however the Prince of Denmark whom Saxo Grammaticus has described—thou art the ideal being of the dramatic poet. He is thy second parent, who has invested thee with new powers and properties, and he has given us no notice of thy real madness. In this way therefore you cut the knot, instead of untying it.

Ham. Your remark is just, but still my behaviour to Ophelia does not deserve these keen reproofs—these bitter sarcasms—your own refinements leave little room for the real exertions of the heart. Our first interview was conduct-

ed with the silent respect which you yourself have dictated. It had the appearance of sorrow rather than of madness. I did not, however, harrow up her soul, by unfolding my tale—I wished to spare her feeling heart—besides, it would have been to disappoint my dearest hopes—to permit the least tittle to escape. Would it be a crime even in the pages of Corneille for a lover to wish to see his mistress? It is indeed unpardonable, *there*, to sigh and bear his griefs in silence. But this calmness—this concealed distress was not the guise which in the more publick rooms, it would have been safe to put on. Our meeting there was accidental, and I had only to resume my extravagance to escape detection. It was a dreadful alternative.

The. Indeed I pity thee—In my new character, I have felt what it is to love, and blush to reflect on the situation into which I have been betrayed by it. My soul abhors those scenes of deceit and cunning, equally repugnant to my character and situation—but, go on—

Ham. The murder of Polonius was an involuntary crime—the death of Ophelia deprived me of one of my dearest wishes, and life was little longer desirable. I did not hesitate therefore to oppose the brutal violence of Laertes—to tear off the mask, and to trust to accident, or open violence, for the accomplishment of my wishes.

The. I thank thee for thy explanation—but tell me, for I now begin to enquire from affection rather than curiosity, how you can excuse your treatment to your mother? Her situation surely required more tenderness.

Ham. How, Theseus! was it not enough that she married with an usurper—the brother of a beloved husband scarcely yet interred—that she rushed with eagerness to the marriage bed, while the funeral of her former husband was loosely and imperfectly celebrated, lest it might impede the succeeding raptures—need I add the murderer—

The. Remember, my friend—for you must now permit me to call you so, that you know not whether she was ever informed of the practices of her present husband on the life of her last. Your father forbade you to attempt any thing against her, but to leave her to the stings of her own conscience. Her hasty marriage could not be reflected on with calumnies

calmness and composure. Her conduct had been neither prudent nor discreet, but it is not said to be criminal. She felt not the satire of the play, and in the subsequent conversation, was not conscious that it had any relation to the circumstance in which she had been so nearly concerned. Besides your own words acquitted her. When you observed her composure, it was only remarkable from the recent death of her husband, not from the complicated guilt of having married his murderer.

Ham. I allow all—but yet to marry so soon.—

The. Yourself at the university—she perhaps in the hands of an artful faction, headed by a deep designing villain. To whom could she look for protection; her own life and thine perhaps depended on the step—and there was probably no other alternative between open violence, or the more subtle effects of a “drugged posset.”

Ham. Theseus—you have profited by your new existence—you *reason* when you should *feel*—you *declaim* when you should *act*. The rival of Hercules

would have thought and felt very differently, but your present existence is indeed ideal.

The. I acknowledge it, and after all your palliatives fear that you cannot be compared to the gentle, generous scholar of *Saxo Grammaticus*—but you have omitted to answer *one* of my accusations—It is usual for guilt to elude enquiry when it cannot defend its conduct.

Ham. What can I say? Consider the aggravated guilt of the culprit, and agitation of my own mind, and the common, though mistaken opinion of retaliation—will not these alleviate my guilt? Your silence confesses it—Oh Theseus, you know little of Shakespeare’s fiery genius—educated in the cold correctness of Corneille—you cannot excuse his exceeding the bounds of probability—but remember his creations are glowing though inconsistent. He writ what he felt, and though reason cannot justify his faults, yet candour will excuse them; and where so much is excellent, forgive the little that is exceptionable.

Farewell!

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

A TRIP TO MARGATE.

BY ANSEGISE CLEMENT, GENTLEMAN.
CHAPTER XI.

(Continued from our Magazine for September, page 429.)

Securus quo pes ferat, atque ex tempore vivo.

—**I**F the reader is not heartily tired of that sort of flying peregrination, with which he has been lately entertained, I am sorry for it—for neither my horse nor myself are at all inclined to continue it; and if it had not been for the chapter upon beards, that detained me an hour at Ramsgate, I had infallibly broke my horse’s wind, and my own neck for my folly. The velocity (mathematically speaking) of my horse’s motion, Sir, was amazing—and contrary to the principles of velocity in most other things, it increased at every step he took; I can compare it to nothing in the philosophical world, but to the descent of bodies, which your reverence very well knows is at the rate of fifteen feet for the first second,

and for all the following seconds, the spaces are as the square of the seconds; thus, suppose a body to keep falling for one, two, three, or four seconds, the square of these times will be, 1, 4, 9, 16, and the spaces passed through will be 15, 60, 135, 240. All which learning and good sense, I am sorry to find tends to shew nothing more than what might as well have been told in plain words, that my horse ran the last mile faster than he did the first. From Ramsgate I rode to Sandwich, and from Sandwich to Deal, which place I entered with all the majesty of a full gallop.

DEAL.

—Deal!—Dela!—The largest trading port in Kent—say geographers; the landing place of Julius Cæsar—say antiquarians; the cheapest market in England for tea—say smugglers; a dirty stinking town—say travellers;

vellers: but I could not stop to read its history out of a large folio book that lay in the parlour window of my inn, and so know but little about it. As for its antiquities and curiosities—I shall find them out myself, said I, walking into the street. By heaven's, the prettiest thing, and the best worth seeing in all the place, was within twenty paces of me as I spoke. A little shop-window filled with snuff boxes, and tooth pick cases, and divers other attractive trinkets jutting out into the street. I had stepped across to look at them, and peeping through the window my eyes met those of a pretty genteel figure of a female, who was sitting at work on the other side of it. They were fine—blue—piercing.—I had found something more than I looked for, and could not resist the temptation of going in to converse with her a little. The fair shop-keeper rose, as I entered, with the most engaging civility, and laid her work upon the counter. The shop was filled all round with snuff-boxes, and fans, and trinkets, and perfumes. I stood ruminating for two minutes and a half, before I could find any thing I wanted; at last I thought I would buy a snuff-box; the fair shop-keeper took down a large parcel: they were not the things I wanted—they were all paper-machée, and not strong enough for my purpose. “I want one (said I) merely to save another which I have in my pocket—it is a box I value, and I should be sorry to lose it, or wear it out,” and so saying, I took the box out of my pocket, and offered her a pinch out of it. It is one of the principal advantages of snuff-taking, that if you are in company with any person to whom you are ever so much a stranger, the offer of your snuff-box, is the best introduction to conversation that can possibly be devised or imagined, and as much surpasses all observations upon the weather, &c. &c. as your gold-box, Sir, surpasses the wooden one which two minutes ago I had the honour to offer to the fair shop-keeper. She took a pinch out of it—and from thence ensued a conversation, which neither you, Sir, nor the rest of my readers shall know any thing more about, than that, like Corporal Trim's with the Bequine, it contained in it the essence of all the love-romances that ever were written. It was a plain wooden box, which for

its simplicity might have served Adam and Eve had they made use of one.

— That they certainly did not, says the critic, for Paradise, according to the nicest calculations, lying somewhere to the East of Turkey—and America at that time being utterly unknown—Very well, Sir, do not interrupt me, and here I drop the as-

sertion.—The fair shop-keeper sur-veyed my snuff-box over and over again—the could not readily conceive how such a box could be valuable: “*C'est un gage d'amour,*” said she smiling.—“No (said I) it is the gift of a friend, and the first snuff-box I ever was possessed of.” And here if the reader is not pressed for time, he may stop two minutes and take the history of it.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

— I said it was the gift of a friend, and why should I not rescue one page from oblivion, by writing his name in it, and telling the world that it was the gift of Eugenius—of Eugenius—whom I love; but I must attend to the snuff-box. It was lying upon the chimney-piece in Eugenius's parlour, when I went in one day to take my leave of him, previous to a journey I was about to make. Eugenius was not there, and standing carelessly before the fire, the box engaged my attention, and finding it empty, the whole design struck me at once, and when Eugenius came in, I told him the result of my meditations. “I will take it with me (said I) and whenever I take a pinch out of it, the remembrance of you will draw a pleasing veil of calmness over my breast, and soften the bitterness of separation—amid the tumults of the world—when the din of business is all around me, and the voice of interest roars aloud—or amid the coolness and deliberation of the midnight study, this box will refresh my memory when I look back with regret to the many peaceful scenes of noiseless happiness, which I have enjoyed with you at—”

“ The custom (said Eugenius) is a bad one—experience has taught me to disapprove of it, and I should be sorry to encourage it in you by any such means.”

—“ But you mistake me (said I) it is not the custom that I would defend—or would I take snuff as most people do—simply and purely for the sake of the said snuff—or as an amusement—or

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A TRIP TO MARGATE.

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for the air of it—for of that I absolutely despair; but for the sake of the sentiment that will accompany it."—"In all matters of *sentiment* (said Eugenius) smiling, you have certainly a right to judge for yourself." And so the custom was established upon the footing of sentimental snuff-taking.

The snuff-boxes would not suit my purpose: I was determined to buy something—yet I could see nothing that I wanted, and the world had taught me economy enough to make me unwilling to buy what I did not want. The fair shop-keeper had shewn me fans—and trinkets—and perfumes—but she had shewn me nothing that I could persuade myself I wanted; at last she came to a piece of silk handkerchiefs, which I did want very much—so having made as good a bargain as a man could well do, when he has a woman to deal with, I put it into the pocket of my riding coat, and walked out to see the town. I had seen all that was to be seen in Deal in less than ten minutes, and had moreover got myself some quarter of a mile or so on my way home, when I was called to by two horsemen, desiring me to stop.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS.

I at first supposed them to be highwaymen—and put myself into something like a posture of defence, with a pistol in each hand—as they approached, however, they took off their hats, and with the greatest civility, assured me they had no felonious intention—but, on the contrary, were the real servants of his Majesty, and at that time employed on his business. "But I am certain (said I) the King can have no business with me, for he is a very honest man, and I wish him all health and pastime in the world, and I am not conscious of having ever offended him."—"There, Sir (said the first of the men) we must beg your pardon, for you have some of his goods about you at present, which you are carrying away with all imaginable speed."—"Now that (said I, surprized at his impudence, and riding up closely to him in order to contest the point to greater advantage) must certainly be a mistake, for I have nothing about me that I know of, which I carry away from Deal more than I brought into it, except one piece of India silk handkerchiefs, which I have honestly bought, and paid forty shillings

for—and which is as indubitably mine, as the King's crown, God bless him, is his."—"There again, Sir (said he) you are mistaken, for that piece of silk handkerchiefs is contraband, and prohibited by the laws of this realm, and must therefore be surrendered up to the King."—"May I be shot (said I, a little irritated) if I do; what rob me of what I have paid my money for not ten minutes ago, and which is really just as good to me as my money."—"But the goods, Sir, are prohibited."—"And who should suffer for that (said I)—the vender who must be supposed to know their prohibition—or the buyer who innocently purchases some handkerchiefs, without knowing a word about the matter, which I assure you is exactly my case at present."—"But that is not our business (said the officer)—We must seize them wherever we find them."—"I shall enquire into this (said I) turning my horse in order to go back again."—"You may certainly do as you please (said the officer, smiling I suppose at my ignorance)—but I can assure you, Sir, upon my honour, it is a needless trouble, for you must surrender them at last." It was the first time I had ever heard of a Custom house officer's swearing by his honour, and as I was a little hurried for time, and he did not appear to me to have any interest in the matter, I thought it might be as well to take his advice: I was resolved, however, to say something to the officer that might take off the bitterness of the misfortune, so raising myself gravely up in the saddle, I gave them into his hand—"And whenever you deliver these up to the King (said I) be sure, Sir, to let him know that you took them from a defenceless stranger, who knew no more of smuggling or its laws, than his officers do of justice or generosity."—"Pardon me (said he) it is you that have offended, by buying contraband goods;"—"It is the fair shop-keeper (said I) who sells them to strangers, that know nothing of the matter—and you, Sir, as a servant of the public, ought to seize her whole stock for the benefit of travellers."—"But she should be dealt with in another way—her goods are concealed."—"I fear they are (said I)—for as yet I have been able to get but very little *good* out of her—and I advise you, Sir—to expose them publickly to view in the market place, and when the dangers and penali-

ties attending them are known, the devil a man in all Deal will you get to deal with her; and so saying, I rode away, something less chagrined by the adventure, than might have been expected.

—Which shews that a repartee—or even the shadow of a repartee—is sometimes worth very near forty shillings.

THE HIGHWAYMEN.

Night came on so fast, that I began to be apprehensive I might lose my way—and coming to a place where two roads meet, I stopped to consider which I should take: I had scarcely looked round me, when two horsemen leaping the fence, darted into the road on my right hand, and the foremost of them drawing a pistol from his side, sprung forward towards me: I stopped no longer to deliberate—but took to the left with all the speed I was master of, and they pursued. My horse was a tolerable fleet one, and at the rate we rode, I hoped to have escaped them — his strength, however, soon failed, and after a few minutes riding, I found the first of my pursuers gain upon me considerably: — I was not much alarmed for the little money I had about me, and perhaps should not have attempted to defend it — but I had a watch and some trinkets — with a picture—which I would not have lost for the universe — for they once were — but she is now more — and what does it signify whose they were, when the reader does not know that I can now call them my own — I valued them, however, and began to consider how I should secure them, should I be conquered — when the first man, who now gained upon me very fast, called out to me in a loud voice, which told me he was much nearer than I supposed — “Stop and deliver your money this moment, or by the God of Heaven, I'll blow your brains out the next.” — And instantly discharged a pistol without effect. I had now a pistol ready cocked in my hand to receive him, when perceiving a sudden turning in the road, I galloped down it — and wheeling round while the corner hid me from his view — met him the instant he turned, and fired at him so close as to make a certainty of hitting him—he instantly fell from his horse, and the other whom I had rode forward to meet, darted past

me at that moment unarmed, and begging most earnestly that I would let him escape. I was already satiated with blood, and was not disposed to pursue my conquest any farther, but returned immediately to the wounded man, whom I found upon the ground weltering in blood. It was easy to perceive he was mortally wounded — yet he had raised himself upon one arm, and seemed to wait my return, as if prepared to speak to me. — I alighted by his side, and he immediately seized my arm to support himself. — “If you can yet retain (said he) any sentiments of compassion for a wretch, who though he once wished to wrong you yet as he is now paying for it with his life, you will probably consider as beneath your resentment, you will not refuse to hear his last words. The few moments I have to live will not admit of delay, but I cannot willingly quit the world where I have suffered so much, without leaving behind me some palliation of my conduct in it. If that world, Sir, had been as honest—as till this hour I have ever been, I should not now be suffering for an infringement of its laws, nor should I have seen the most amiable of women with her helpless infants, wanting bread to support their existence.

“But I was born to be unfortunate, and death does but perhaps shorten the period of my misery: in that view, I could even revere the hand that brings me it; but I leave behind me some beautiful pledges of the most tender and delicate affection that ever united two souls: they, perhaps, might yet live to record the fidelity and unhappiness of their parents. Their mother is, I fear, now no more—I left her about two hours ago lying upon some boards instead of a bed—and suffering—but if I have time, I will give you the life and misfortunes—for they are equal. I am the younger son of a good family, which possesses also a considerable hereditary estate. My wife is of a family of equal pretensions, but without fortune to support them. It is now five years since we began to love, and, following the dictates of our hearts, married. I was then in the army, and had no other fortune than my commission, and we each of us immediately incurred the displeasure of our parents for having married beggars—and mine in particular, wrote me a formal letter, to declare

declare that they should never for the future consider me in the light of a relation—This we had expected, and with those who love as we did, such treatment is seldom productive of any material unhappiness. I had a company, and as we cared not for the opinion of the world, we thought ourselves sufficiently raised above poverty to afford us an opportunity of being happy. For two years we enjoyed life with greater happiness than is commonly the lot of mankind—and since that period, we have lived only to be every day shocked with new scenes of misery. I have so long been a stranger even to that sort of negative happiness, peace of mind, that I sometimes almost doubt the evidence of my memory, and scarcely believing it possible to have been happy, look back to it as to a dream. Dear fleeting scenes of delusive happiness! ye are now fled—but those who were blessed with your presence, are still left to regret your loss. The first check we received to our bliss, was the order which our regiment received to embark for America. My own principles of honour would have induced me to obey them—but my wife, who was ever of a feeble constitution, being unable to support the fatigue of a voyage—I broke through every other tie and sold out. We had never lived otherwise than frugally and genteely—and therefore made no alteration in our mode of living. I wrote to my family to solicit their interest in procuring some other means of subsistence—and received no answer—My wife also wrote to her's, and with the same success.—All my friends too persisted in refusing their assistance to a man whose own family would not help him.—I had then recourse to the other accustomed mode of obtaining places.—I bribed the officers in one department with money—and others who would not accept money I entertained at my house.—Thus my little fortune every day grew less—but I had every day a prospect of something that might make me superior to it.—About this time, I became surety for a brother officer who had been carried to prison in the height of a very dangerous illness.—He died—and I was obliged to pay the debt.—In little more than two years my whole fortune was reduced to one hundred pounds and some moveables.—I would

then have applied myself to trade—but for those of larger extent my capital was too small—and into others more trifling I could not be received on account of my want of knowledge, and the supposition that I should think myself above attending to them. Misery and want then first began to stare me in the face—I became more pressing in my solicitations to my friends in the public offices, and was consequently received with less attention.—Thus I lived for some time, my little property every day diminishing with my hopes, my friends falling off, and my own health and my wife's gradually declining—I could have stood it alone, but to see my little ones drooping around me was more than I could support.—I have not strength to relate the many degradations by which we sunk to what we are:—two days ago I was working in the field, and procured a scanty subsistence for my family who lived in a little hut hard by—but my strength was not equal to my work: I was discharged, and at the same time we were all turned out into the road.—No one who has not himself experienced it can conceive it possible to sink so low. We would then have gladly accepted the charity of the parish, but to that we were not intitled.—A little hovel stood by the roadside, and into that we contrived to drag ourselves. The few halfpence I had, bought us bread for the first day—this is the second—and as yet we have not ate any thing.—Benumbed with horror I lost almost the use of my senses. It must have been a horrid sight—my wife almost in the arms of death, lying upon some boards and giving milk to the youngest—the other two playing around my knees, and asking me at times for bread.—We have not spoke to each other today; if we had, I believe we should have died. We felt for each other, and were therefore silent. The distraction of my mind was so great that it brought a fever upon me.—Half delirious and mad with anguish—I loaded this old pistol with gravel and gunpowder, which I contrived to procure in the name of a neighbouring gentleman—you are the first I have attacked—my companion is the principal servant of a farmer, whom I persuaded to accompany me with his master's horses,

horses. But I now see the end of all my misery—in a few minutes I shall be insensible of every thing in this life—I shall forget my Maria—my children—I shall forget that they are now starving with cold and hunger—Oh! horror!—burst my heart and rid yourself of your burthen—I faint—death is before my eyes—come, thou pleasing deliverer—yet, my Maria—my children—could I help you by living—but that is impossible—Oh!—Sir!—I know not how to ask it—but if you”—He threw himself into my arms, and that ligament—fine as it was—was never broken.

—I wish to God I had never begun to tell this story, for I am too much affected to tell it as I ought.

The body was removed to a little house near, from whence I went to the hovel.—Oh! ye, whose souls are full of sympathy, and whose hearts beat high with agony when the voice of sorrow strikes your ears, now attend!

—When I entered the hovel two children were starving on each side of their mother, while the youngest lay upon the boards with her.—The mother—with a face formed in nature's finest mould, had a form the most elegant and delicate—hunger and care, uniting with her illness, had made her delirious—she raved—“Harry (she cried) have you too forsaken me—No!—no!—you are dead—I think I see you now in Heaven beckoning me to follow—but I cannot come.

—This is a bad world, and I cannot get away.

“ My true love is dead,
“ Gone to his death-bed
“ All under the willow tree.
“ White is my true love's shroud—

—Who said my Harry called me?” But I cannot describe the scene:—in a few minutes she expired.—The children I removed—but it is no matter—I have already written too much for my own feelings—but too little for the world.—The world!—Blush, ye men of it.—Were ye all as honest as this highwayman—the world would then be worth living in.

THE TRIP TO MARGATE CONCLUDED.

It is amongst the number of those observations which every man has in

his turn heard and repeated—that whatever is human is imperfect—that our wisest purposes are frequently defeated by the means employed to effect them—or when effected serve only to discover to us the futility of our past exertions, and lead us on to new researches after happiness. It is lamented that between rectitude and error the bounds are so nice that human penetration is not able to discover them, and that, in all our attempts after the one, we run, in spite of our endeavours, into the other.—We survey with a sigh the whole maze of human moralization and perceive simplicity rising out of barbarity; and refinement, in its turn, degenerating into luxury: we see extravagance rising out of liberality, and avarice from the desire of avoiding profusion; and haughtiness, has perhaps its origin in dignity of demeanor—servility in a well-meant anxiety to please.

—The same misfortune attends our pleasures, which are ever succeeded, if not by absolute unhappiness, at least, by that negative sort of pain produced by the loss of them. We rejoice at the prospect of seeing our friends—yet the pleasure of meeting is perhaps more than overbalanced by the pain of parting with them. This sort of pain I feel at present: I am about to take my leave of those to whom I have written so long as to make the writing to them almost necessary to my existence. It will hardly be believed unless by those who have experienced it, with how great a degree of affection an author looks to those to whom he has been accustomed to open the sentiments of his heart: he knows that he has at least the applause of those who have continued to read his works and how natural it is to love those who love us, every susceptible man can tell. Of the pleasure of writing, however, these few lines are the conclusion:—I could have continued it longer, but was resolved that the Trip to Margate should never be carried on so long as to make its contents tedious to its readers:—they will perhaps hear from me at some future period, and I may assure them that “whatever they meet me, they will always find me inclined to laugh as often as I can—and that whenever the tale of misery finds its way into the page, it is done with the intention to do justice to the miserable.”

miserable.—Time presses me to conclude, and I can only add, that wherever they meet me, I shall be proud to

be known as Ansegis Clement, and never more so than when I sign myself their obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I have sometimes thought the partiality of Editors as great an evil in the literary world, as faction is in the political. Surprised by an article in the Review for August last, I send you the enclosed, as a test of your candour. Allow me at the same time to disclaim all connexion with the author, whose masterly performance I attempt to vindicate, and, whom notwithstanding his shining abilities, your Reviewer has rashly ventured to traduce.

TRUTH.

Dr. Stuart's History of Scotland rescued from the illiberal aspersions of false criticism.

*Vera gloria radices agit atque propagatur.
Fides omnia celeriter tanquam, flosculi, decidunt nec simulatum potest, quidquam esse diuturnum.*

TULL.

HISTORY is allowed to be the favourite study of the age. This turn of the times has induced men of various abilities, to devote their attention to this fashionable subject, and their success in this field has been as different as their parts. The author who investigates facts with the most unwearied industry, and details them with a scrupulous exactness, is often exceeded in fame by a puerile and superficial rival, who has been chiefly solicitous to accommodate his sentiments to the various tastes of mankind, and to destroy both the dignity and purity of history, by bestowing upon it the light fanciful and meretricious embellishments of romance. When we investigate the various means, by which the most celebrated of our modern historians have risen to eminence, we find that a servile attention to growing opinions, and certain fashionable brilliancies of period, have elevated them to that zenith of glory, to which, on the foundation of human prejudice, they have been raised. This circumstance has had peculiar in-

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fluence in forming and heightening the reputation of those *authors of the North*, who have collected laurels in the field of history. A growing respect for the principles of toryism in the age, led Hume to sacrifice his character as an impartial historian, and to establish his fame on the predominant prejudices of the times. The same disgraceful motive induced Dalrymple to profane the consecrated ashes of those martyrs to civil liberty, who, like the favour of mankind, had offered themselves *without spot* for the redemption of their country. Similar principles, though under more specious and imposing appearances, have influenced the conduct of Robertson. At an early period in life, when the artifices of deception are strangers to most minds, this author had formed an extensive and intimate acquaintance with the frailties and prejudices of mankind. He observed with much attention, the historical predilections of the Scotch and English nations, of the Tory and Whig parties, and devised a scheme of fancyful history, calculated neither to offend the one nor the other, but, by certain artful accommodations, to conciliate the approbation of both. Endued with elegant abilities, and possessed of the happy talent of varnishing over falsehoods, by giving it the semblance of truth, his success in his first attempt exceeded even his most sanguine expectations. His affectation of candor rescued him from merited detection, and the harmony and brilliancy of his periods either soothed or dazzled his readers into a belief of the reality of those romantic fictions, which under the mask of history, he exhibited to their minds. Inflated with the flattering testimonies of the public approbation, he began to extend his original plan of accommodation to general prejudice, and to practice the same quackeries in history * which he had employed with

3 X

success

* It may perhaps be unjust to attribute what success Principal Robertson has had in the literary world entirely to his artful accommodations of sentiment to the opi-

Success in Britain, upon the theatre of Europe. The press teemed with his ponderous productions, and the pecuniary recompences of a generous though abused publick gave a spur to his industry, for it must be owned that he has acquired the merit of surpassing the labours of Hercules, in the production of the fables of Æsop. His attempt to develope the principles of the feudal system, and to explain the most perplexed and delicate part of European story, was judged by his more enlightened and prudent friends, to be a task much beyond the depth of his erudition, his philosophical acumen, or the profoundness of his research. Intoxicated, however, with the fame he had acquired, flattered by his more shallow dependents, and confiding in the magical spell of his historical narrations, he conceited himself equal to this most difficult enterprize, and rashly adventured into this dangerous field of European story. His success, however, was not in this instance proportioned to his elevated expectations. Even the reputation he had acquired by his history of Queen Mary was not sufficient to insure the rapid sale of this work. The persons employed in conducting the publication of it, were obliged to have recourse to those stratagems of variety of edition, literary puff—and even literary damnation, which are sometimes successful in promoting the circulation of books, amongst the more credulous and capricious part of the publick. There were significant marks of disapprobation, which attended the sale of this book, which ought surely to have reminded the author of the shadowy existence of a literary fame, established upon so unsubstantial and precarious a foundation as his own. Men of less

sagacity than Principal Robertson, would have profited by the friendly and instructive hints of an admonishing publick. Had he ceased to press himself on the attention of a disgusted nation, at the great epoch of his publication of the History of Charles the Vth, this circumstance would have spared him the pain of remarking the more rapid progress of his literary decline. So prudent a measure might have at least afforded him a chance of surviving the reputation he had acquired. It was, therefore, with astonishment, that the publick was ascertained of his real intention to publish a History of South America. This work confirmed the inauspicious anticipations of the wiser part of mankind, and illustrated in the strongest manner, the danger of presuming too far upon the prejudices of the world, and the possibility that an historian who has acquired a certain degree of qualified reputation may assassinate himself with his own pen. This history was introduced to the publick with all the *parade* of literary imposition. It was embellished with a splendid catalogue of illustrious names, under whose patronage, it had been cherished into being. The language of compliment was exhausted, and tributes of gratitude were paid to the court of Madrid, in the most turgid stile of Spanish adulation. Under the appearance, however, of novelty, it contained nothing but didactic details of trite fact, unembellished by those dazzling splendors of stile, which had formerly served to illuminate the more obscure parts of his historical narrations. These defects might have been overlooked by an indulgent publick, had not the whole of his history exhibited a shameful apology for those cruelties which Britons,

nions of mankind. Other circumstances may have given him distinction. For a series of years he has exhibited himself as a candidate for court favour, as the minion of a tory administration in the Kirk of Scotland. A History of his Ecclesiastical Politics would, perhaps, contribute more than any thing to unfold the intricacies of his character. The church of Scotland has been long celebrated for its attachment to civil liberty. By supporting, however, the laws of patronage to ecclesiastical benefices, which were the offspring of a tory ministry, he has not only extended the system of spiritual tyranny, but also increased the influence of the crown and of a detestable aristocracy in that country. In fact he has given a mortal stab to liberty in her last place of refuge. These prostitutions of character could not fail to conciliate the favour of a series of ministers who have laboured incessantly to extinguish the principles of freedom in the minds of Britons. They were successful in giving a court eclat to his works, by interesting the prejudices of tyrants who had even extended their influence over the republic of letters.

tons, accustomed to give vent to an honest indignation, in reviewing scenes of savage barbarity, had been taught not to palliate, but to consider with horror. This sacrifice of humanity to the principles of adulation, awaking the suspicions of the publick, gave birth to those merited detections of character, which have sunk the reputation of the historian, with a rapidity at least equal to its rise. The world now began not only to question his ability, but also the goodness of his heart.

This act of literary suicide, in Principal Robertson, gave a fortunate preparation to the minds of mankind, for a developement of his historical impositions, and the reception of unadulterated truth. The success which attended Dr. Stuart's endeavours in a previous publication, pointed out this gentleman as the most proper person for developing the errors of this *Malagrida* in history, by discharging so important an office to the publick. The rank which he held in the literary world, the depth of his erudition, his philosophical talents, and his scrupulous fidelity as an historian, gave him every title to enter the lists, with an author, who, by his multiplied productions, had even rendered himself suspected. Dr. Stuart accordingly directed his chief attack against the favourite work of the historian of Queen Mary. An intimate acquaintance with Scottish history had convinced him that there were many material parts in this field of Caledonian story untouched by the more zealous defenders and accommodating historians of this injured prince. A love of truth, stimulated by that compassion for the memory of the unfortunate, which characterises a generous mind, excited Dr. Stuart to rescue an unhappy Queen from the hands of those who were basely profaning the ashes of the dead, and erecting monuments to record their own fame upon the tomb of martyred innocence. The magnanimity which inspired the author in this design, the gallantry which has animated him in the execution of it, and the uniform impartiality which he maintains even amidst his more passionate predilections, in favour of injured merit, could not fail to recommend him to a nation distinguished by its generous sentiments, and to render him not only formidable, but superior to his rival historian. The applause, in-

died, which he has received from the publick has been so unbounded as to place him beyond the reach of censure. It was, therefore, with surprise, that I observed lately in the London Magazine, that has been so long consecrated to just criticism on literary production, an unfavourable account of Dr. Stuart's History of Scotland, attributing to this author "a partiality of design disgraceful to an historian," asserting that his work is a "partial, passionate, and unfaithful compilation"—that "it is impossible to state his various misrepresentations, and subtle evasions of the force of evidence." The reviewer even degrades his character as a critic, by throwing a false imputation on the private views of the man. He alleges that Dr. Stuart is "qualifying himself for the chicanery of the bar, by practicing the arts of sophistry in the assumed character of an historian." Such asperities of epithet are surely unbecoming the character of a critic, who lays claim to impartiality, and hazards his first remark on the marginal notes and index of the author, against whom he directs his elaborate invective. Were his own superficial performance put to the same test as that by which he himself judges of the character of Dr. Stuart's history, and were these illiberal phrases digested into contents for his own "*Impartial Review*," we might with merited severity, fight him at his own weapons, and retort his indiscriminate censure upon himself. That common acquaintance with the literary catalogue of the age, which is not altogether incompatible with the character of a reviewer, might have spared him the illiberality of his remark respecting Dr. Stuart's modes of qualification for office, and a knowledge of academical distinctions ought to have informed him that the denomination (LL. D.) is a proof as equivocal of the bar being the aim of a doctor graduate as the title "*Impartial Review*," is sometimes of the candour, impartiality, and fidelity of those productions, which are submitted to the world under such specious formalities. It is long since Dr. Stuart's name has been enrolled with distinction in the republic of letters. Though his original view in life might have been directed to the law, his various pursuits in the different departments of science have

years ago announced to the publick his having relinquished a study which he wisely foresaw might have corrupted his fidelity as an historian. He has for some time past, as we are informed, prosecuted, as a gentleman, the objects of science at large, and the assertion that is applied, by the reviewer in the London Magazine, to him, with a trifling variation might with a far greater propriety be transferred to his favourite author Dr. Robertson, viz. "That he has been long qualifying himself for the chicanery of the pulpit by practising the arts of sophistry in the assumed character of an historian."

The Reviewer of Dr. Stuart's History of Queen Mary having almost exhausted, in the commencement of his impartial detail, a copious fund of illiberal and unsupported invective, condescends at last to a passionate consideration of facts. In the process of his reasoning on this subject, there is an obvious attempt to avail himself of the national prejudice against the Scotch, that unfortunately predominates in this country. He assembles and exhibits injurious contrasts between Mary and Elizabeth, Scotland and England, and by distressing pictures of the abuses heaped upon the latter, is desirous of interesting the national antipathies of the English against the impartial historian of Queen Mary. I wish to spare him the blush of having employed so despicable a support in defence of a cause where truth, and a minute investigation of facts, were the sole criterion of judgment. Though compelled by an irresistible force of evidence to admit the *ambition* of Elizabeth, he scruples to allow the *moderation* of Queen Mary. The instance in which he affects this reserve of opinion, is the ratification of the treaty of Edinburgh. In stating this point, he seems strangely averse from considering with any degree of attention the peculiar grounds on which Dr. Stuart establishes the temperate claims of the Scottish Queen in opposition to her avowed rival Elizabeth, and has recourse to the superficial details of preceding historians, whose object it is, not to inform, but to amuse and deceive the publick. The title of Mary to the crown of England had been acknowledged by Henry the Second of France, and a bull from Rome had declared Elizabeth to be the offspring of an illegal commerce. In

the treaty of peace at Edinburgh a clause was inserted by the artifice of Elizabeth (vid. Rymers Foedera) which bound Francis and Mary to abstain "*for ever*" from assuming the title and arms of England. In these circumstances there was ground sufficient not only to rouse the apprehensions of unsuspecting minds, but also to awaken those jealousies of disposition which are connected with the principles of self preservation. The suffering Mary, however, does not seem, even in this instance, to have recognized her right to the crown of England, with too much zeal nor to have felt the insults of rival majesty in all their aggravations. Instead of insisting on her claim to the throne of England in its fullest latitude which both by the declaration of a neighbouring monarch, and papal authority, she had been taught to consider as her own; she contented herself only with asserting a precarious right of succession to herself and posterity to the throne of England, from which it was obviously both the caprice and ambition of Elizabeth to exclude her. In this claim of privilege there was surely no evidence of a want of moderation on her part, as she by no means insisted on a declaration of her rights in their utmost extent by a rival queen. The jealousies, therefore, which were engendered in the mind of Elizabeth, owing to the affair of the treaty of Edinburgh did not originate in the temperate requisitions of Mary on this subject, but in certain imaginary apprehensions of rivalry, and unaccountable *caprices of ambition*. An unprovoked exclusion of Mary from the throne of England, in the event of Elizabeth's demise, rendered so modest an assertion of right absolutely necessary in the Scottish queen, for had she ascended the throne of Scotland under so open an exclusion of privilege, she would have both forfeited the honour of her crown, and abdicated her claim of inheritance.

It is with some degree of astonishment, that we have observed the glowing pictures which Dr. Stuart exhibits of the Scottish Queen defaced by the degrading pencil of your reviewer. He even accuses this Titian of modern history, of a *love phrenzy*, when he touches upon the beauties of the mind and person of the fairest princess who ever ascended an earthly throne. But could there

there be any thing more natural for Dr. Stuart than to depict the graces of this amiable Queen, in that glow of colouring under which he exhibits them. Her charms were irresistible, the multiplied distresses into which she was thrown during her reign give a tragical incident to her life, and the reproaches which have been heaped upon her memory, by interested and equivocal historians, could not fail to arouse in so enlightened and impressible a mind as Dr. Stuart's, such commiserations and sympathies as have given rise to those pathetic descriptions which do honour to his heart. Even his rival historian is not wholly unsubdued by the attractions of Mary. Whilst he views her charms through the meretricious veil that he throws over her reputation he seems to lose the character of the mortified presbyter in the gallantry of the enamoured historian, and even wishes to atone for the guilty wanderings of his own imagination by fascinating the memory of the heroine of his fable in the more passionate moments of fondness.

Nor does the execution of Chatelard affix the stain of inhumanity upon the character of Mary, or prove her "*want of moderation in a private and personal concern.*" The extravagant passion of this young man had precipitated him into an offence of the most dangerous tendency. Upon the discovery of his plot he was dismissed with disgrace; but, owing to the compassionate interposition of Mary, rescued from the severities of more exemplary punishment. In the phrensy, however, of love he had the infatuation to repeat his crime. He was found a second time concealed under the bed of Mary. So daring a repetition of criminal imprudence could neither be atoned for by the circumstances of early youth nor enthusiastic attachment. In this situation it would have been highly improper for Mary to have allowed a tender frailty to have invaded the place of justice, or to have employed a second time her intercessions in mitigating the severities of a punishment which had been awarded him by the laws of his country. The delicacy of her situation, and the rude suspicions of her subjects, rendered such interpositions both improper and dangerous. Chatelard was, therefore, condemned to lose his head, and the

merited infliction of his punishment illustrated the extreme danger of trifling with the virtue of monarchs.

In obviating these objections to the conduct of Mary, it is curious to observe, the same critic who seems to regret with so much sensibility her not having sacrificed every point of prudence to "*her natural penchant to the tender passion,*" in the case of Chatelard, hesitate to admit the chastity of her character with respect to the aged minion Rizzio, and throw a suspicion on her virtue, on poetical authority, in this instance. Surely a second interposition of her influence in favour of this unhappy young man would have tended more to throw a stain upon her character than her simply countenancing a dotard, whose bigotry and musical talents indeed conciliated her good graces, but whom age exempted from all surmise of criminal correspondence with a queen, who, in her marriage with Darnly, had given obvious proofs of her predilection in favour of youthful energy, elegance of figure, and exterior accomplishments. In such critical observations there are incongruities and contradictions which indicate a weakness or a prejudice, that is perhaps better calculated to awaken compassion than to extort the severities of serious and judicious remarks.

Whilst we are under the necessity of exhibiting such inconsistencies of opinion in the Reviewer of Dr. Stuart's history, it is with pain that we are obliged to charge him with a want of fidelity in citing the author whose work he seems anxious to discredit. Fairness of quotation might at least have been expected from a critic who shelters himself under the affectation of candour. It is by no means the object of Dr. Stuart, as he insinuates, to prove "*the perfect innocence of Mary in her public and private capacity.*" Such an assertion is either founded in ignorance or uncandid views of his history. His account of her acceding to the treaty of Bayonne, is perhaps the most unhappy instance that could be quoted in support of so imaginary and preposterous an opinion. That the reader may be enabled to decide with precision on the impartiality and judgement of the critic in this instance, it may neither be improper nor unpleasing to present him with Dr. Stuart's

detail of this transaction, which in point of candour and elegance, may safely be compared to any passage in British history:—" Amidst the splendour and noise of tournaments, the gorgeous sumptuousness and unsuspicous pleasures of the table, the engaging entertainments of the theatre, and the melting allurements of dancing and masquerades, the Queen mother of France and Alva indulged at Bayonne the ferocious wickedness of their disposition. Measures the most savage and sanguinary were concerted. By treachery and circumvention, by fire and sword, it was resolved utterly to exterminate the protestants over Christendom. It was to induce Mary to accede to this confederacy that three envoys were sent to her; and to this purpose they employed their utmost address and artifice. Her connexions with France, her habits of submission to the house of Guise, her respect for the Archbishop of Glasgow, who was a man of acknowledged probity, and devoted to her with the keenest zeal, her attachment to the Romish religion, which approached to littleness and bigotry, a holy desire of recommending herself to heaven, the flattering pride of striking a deadly wound against the reformation, and the hope of destroying her enemies, or of forcing them to endure the most abject humiliation and distress, all concurred to make a fatal impression upon her mind. The sentiment of lenity which had been softening her resentment, died away. Passion and prejudice, vanity and pride, prevailed over prudence, humanity, and policy. The wise advices of Throgmorton, possessed no longer an influence. The minion Rizzio, disregarding now the proffered friendship of the Earl of Murray, fortified her returning resolution of cruelty and revenge. He represented in glowing colours, the irresistible power, and the immeasurable greatness of so many confederated princes; and he augmented by a contagious imbecillity her reverential and superstitious awe of the Roman pontiffs. In an unhappy and calamitous moment she became a party to a league the most disgraceful to virtue that had ever been devised by human craftiness." Such is the passage, which the critic, by the magic of his pen, transforms into a "softened and soothing apology" for an

act of "*Barbarous cruelty.*" Whilst it furnishes an opportunity of exposing a most disgraceful instance of mutilated quotation, it at the same time illustrates the impartiality of Dr. Stuart, and must convince the candid reader, that this author is by no means disposed to palliate either the frailties or errors of an unfortunate Queen, and that when both are the objects of his attention his "*language swells into tremendous terms of resentment.*"

But it is not these trivial circumstances in the life of Queen Mary which the Reviewer wishes to censure, and is at pains to misstate. He has also exhausted all the rage of criticism upon the more interesting incidents in her reign. In discussing these points, it must be owned, that Dr. Stuart has laid open much ground that had escaped the attention of preceding historians. Novelty, however, is not the only circumstance which gives merit to an historical hypothesis as ingenious as it is new. As the servile imitator of a cotemporary writer, he has not contented himself with giving a certain fanciful and factitious embellishment, to trite fact, or voluntarily omitted incidents on which his feeble abilities could neither bestow dignity nor elevation. He has penetrated into a remote period of antiquity much farther than any preceding historian, thrown new lights upon facts, and deduced a most beautiful scheme of history, not fanciful in its nature, but established on the pillars of Truth. In forming a criticism, therefore, on this part of his performance, nothing can be more absurd than to compare it with the shallow productions of preceding historians. Yet this seems to be the favourite practice of the critic of Dr. Stuart's history.

The character of Lord Darnly, his marriage with Mary, and subsequent fate, are all interesting events in Caledonian story. Each of these Dr. Stuart has exhibited in a new light, and the elaborate arguments which are employed to point out inconsistencies in his details of these circumstances, are either founded in the prejudice of critics, or in superficial views and mutilated quotations of his history.

It is impossible that any one who peruses Dr. Stuart's account of Mary's attachment to Lord Darnly previous to their marriage, and her aversions to him posterior

posterior to that event, can be at any loss to explain this change of sentiment in the Scottish Queen upon the most rational principles. This circumstance by no means originated in any fickleness of disposition or caprice of affection. *Inconstancy was no predominant feature in her character.* Her attachment to Lord Darnly was indeed precipitate, but her subsequent revolutions of sentiment, delineated by Dr. Stuart with so admirable a discernment are explained by him upon the most rational grounds. Her affection to Darnly was unbounded, till such time as his elevation in life disclosed the leading principles in his character. The honours she conferred upon him were so great, as even to awaken jealousies, and render her suspected amongst her subjects. It was not till his ingratitude conquered her attachment, that she began to regret the precipitation of her marriage, or to feel the first risings of disgust. She now saw that the pretended affection of Darnly was founded in disguised motives of ambition. His subsequent in-

difference and hatred to her originated also in the same ungratified principle. It was therefore surely justifiable in Mary to moderate her attachment for a person whose various weaknesses, strange humours, and rude insults rendered him wholly unworthy of her regard. Every one must feel a real satisfaction in contemplating, not the "*inconstancy*," but the magnanimity of a woman who had the fortitude of mind to discover proper resentments against the conduct of a man who at an early period of life was capable of sacrificing the principles of gratitude to the love of power, and of preferring the gratifications of ambition, and the trappings of monarchy, to the transcendent felicity of securing the affection and enjoying the charms of a beautiful queen. Each of these circumstances are stated in so obvious and masterly a manner by Dr. Stuart, that their being misunderstood is a proof of the strongest prejudice or an example of the most invincible hebetation.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE gentleman who communicated Dr. Wild's verses on a certain bacchanalian subject, had no idea of throwing an asperion on the character of that ingenious Nonconformist. A man may be a very good man, and for aught I know a very orthodox divine, and yet love his bottle. Whether Dr. Wild maintained the strict gravity of the puritan in his common manners, I will not take upon me to determine. That he did not maintain it in his poems, is a matter he hath himself determined beyond the power of dispute. I will not say that he was the worse man for it: but all I say is, that the *puritan* doth not appear very frequently in his poems. This I am very confident of, that if an episcopal clergyman had written with the extreme levity of Dr. Wild, a CONSISTENT DISSENTER would have made no scruple of lifting up his eyes and hands and exclaiming—"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The *Consistent Dissenter* hath given himself the trouble of comparing the copy I sent you with that published in

Dr. Wild's works, and insinuates, that they do not agree. Now, let him point out any alteration that in the slightest degree affects the *sense*, and I will submit to the lowest degradation to which a man of spirit and honour can possibly be reduced; that is, *I will ask pardon of the Dissenters for misrepresenting one of their body.* This will be taking sufficient revenge on me; since I consider the pillory as a punishment less opprobrious and degrading.

For aught I know your correspondent may be a *consistent Dissenter*, and therefore will not trouble you or your readers, with a display of his misrepresentations and chicane. It could not be otherwise, to support his character; and so I allow him the full merit of his title.

If, however, he will support his *consistency* he will mix prudence with his zeal, and for the future hold his tongue: for if he be so foolish as to shew his *sore place*, he shall find some spitish enough to tease him—and on his own ground too!

Oce

One hint, and I have done. Let the gentleman read Dr. Wild's poem on the *cock-fight* at Wisbeech, and defend the puritanism of *two lines* in it, and then I

will hail him as the *Conscient Dissenter* for ever!

I am, your's, &c. &c.

ROBERT WILDFIRE.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE ROYAL PATENT ENGINES FOR RAISING WATER ON A NEW CONSTRUCTION.

A FORCING PUMP.

FIGURE I. represents the Forcing Pump or engine for shewing the means of raising a large quantity of water out of the holds of ships. The above engine is supposed to be swung or fixed in the hold of a ship, into the water, D. and coming through the deck, A. whereon stands two wheels; on the axles of which are ropes fixed and passed over two pulleys, and fastened to a great leaden plunger, B. which is drawn up from the bottom of the pump by the wheels, and suffered to descend of itself, which drives out the whole column of water, be it ever so large, at one operation, up the two side tubes CC. on the deck, with astonishing rapidity; and this operation, often repeated, will soon discharge an immense quantity of water (especially were two are employed) therefore, were they carried as stores to sea, they would be able to relieve a ship in the greatest distress; and also, were they kept in sea port towns, so as to be worked by capstans or a windlass, they would be of the utmost service in relieving and getting off ships that are blown ashore on our coasts, and save great expences in laying false decks, procuring empty casks, and other expensive operations; as an immense quantity of water can soon be discharged, the leaks would soon be gained upon, so as to be come at and stopped. And this engine can also be applied to various other purposes, by the means of horses or mills, as drawing large quantities of water out of rivers, wells, mines, ponds, brooks, and draining lands; it also may be found of great utility in various businesses and manufactories, as brewers, dyers, and many other branches of trade, &c. that require large quantities of water. The above pump may be made to any size, even so large as to discharge a column of water thirty feet high, and three or four or more feet in diameter, in one minute and less, and is allowed by gentlemen conversant in the science of

hydraulicks to be capable of raising a larger quantity of water than any other engine in the world.

THE SELF-ACTING PUMP.

FIGURE II. represents a Self-acting Pump or engine, which keeps playing, day and night, so long as there is water to support it: the description of which is as follows: A. is the working bucket which moves quickly up and down between the valves B. and the rest C. in its movement upwards it strikes the valves B. where it is filled with water from the cistern or reservoir D. through the spout E. when the bucket is filled, its weight causes the two springs F. to slip off the two catches G. and also raise the leaden plunger H. the bucket in its fall on the rest C. opens the many valves on its bottom, and instantly discharges the water. When it is empty, it is raised again by the leaden plunger H. which sinks, and forces up the water through the two tubes H. into the head K. and out of the spout L. the ends of the links or chains M. are fastened on each side of the bucket, which are carried up over four pulleys, and the other ends fastened to the leaden plunger, so that they act on each other alternately, at one time the full bucket is heaviest, and at another time the leaden plunger; and as the equilibrium is destroyed between the two powers by the springs, it cannot stand still while there is water to fill the bucket, by this means water may be raised from 28 to 30 feet, and much higher if required, by means of a pipe A. Fig. III. The motion of the bucket in these engines have a pleasing effect, which are of great use and importance, by reason of their spontaneous motion. These pumps being placed a foot or two below any little running stream or brook, or even a common ditch, where there is a continual run of water (be it ever so small) to supply it, will raise water constantly into any nobleman or gentleman's house in the country, by means of pipes to convey it, or beautify his garden with fountains,

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Fig. I.

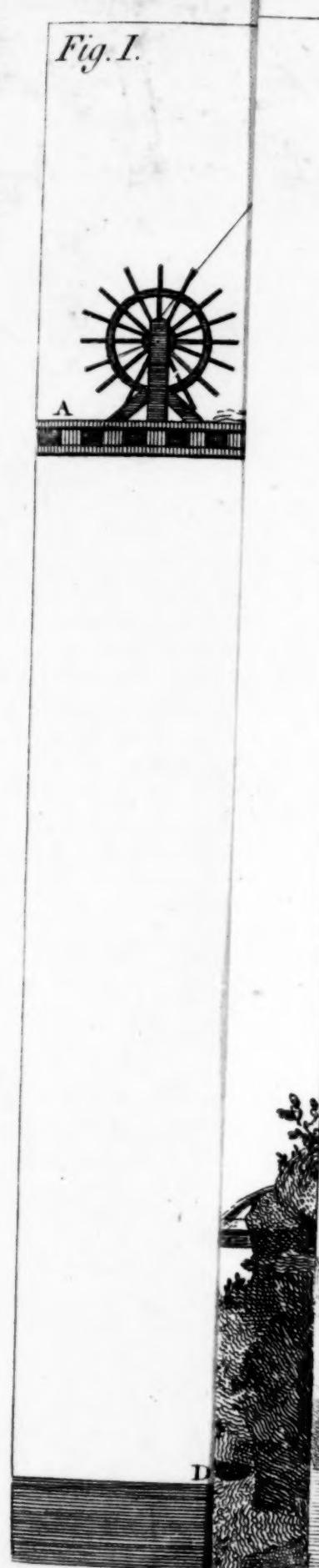


Fig. IV.



Fig. I.

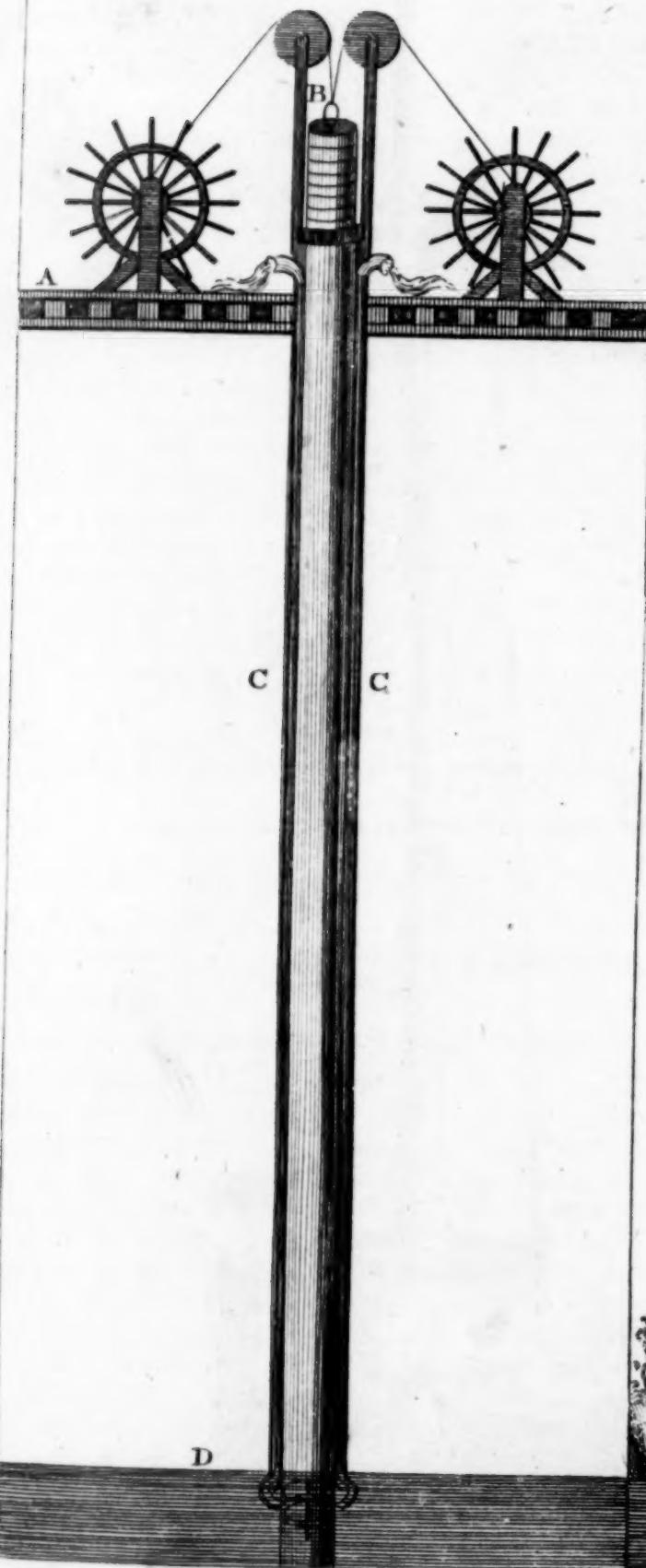


Fig. II.

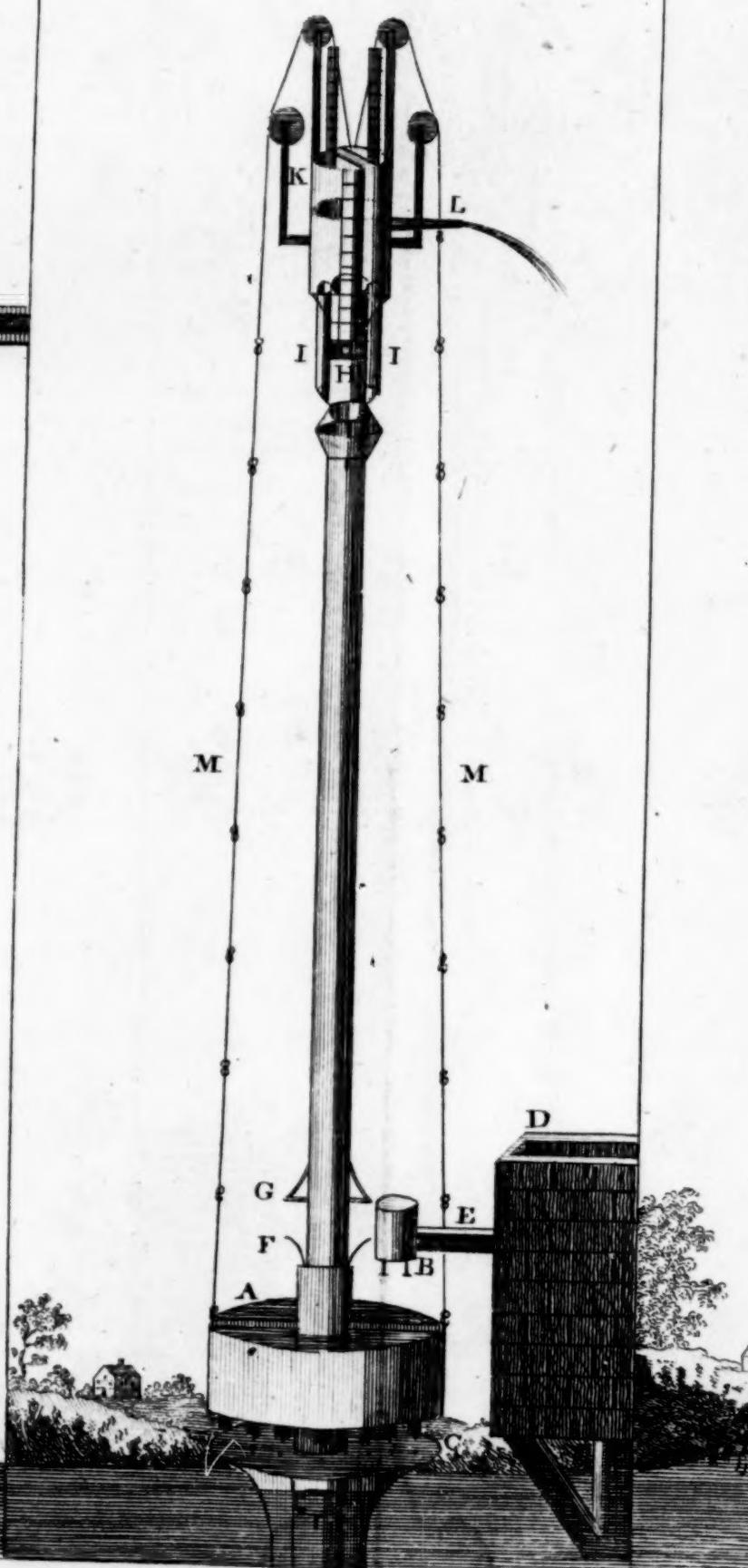


Fig. I.

Fig. III.

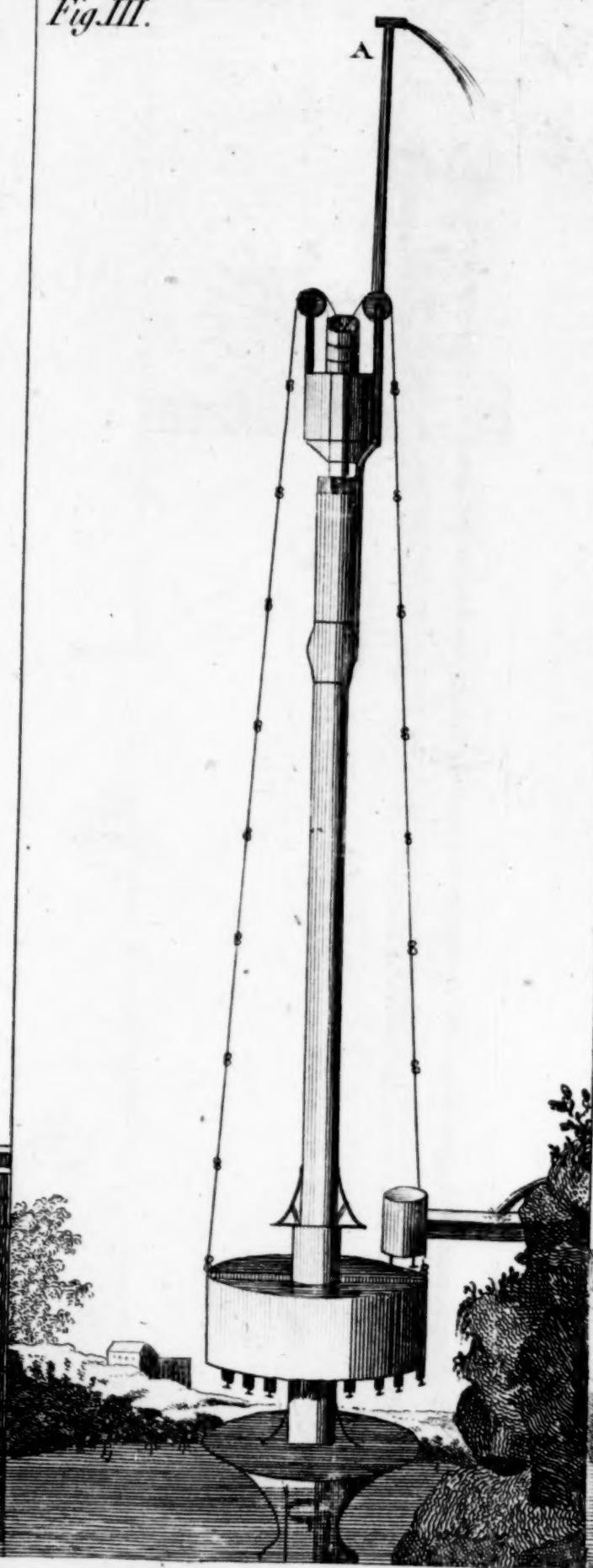
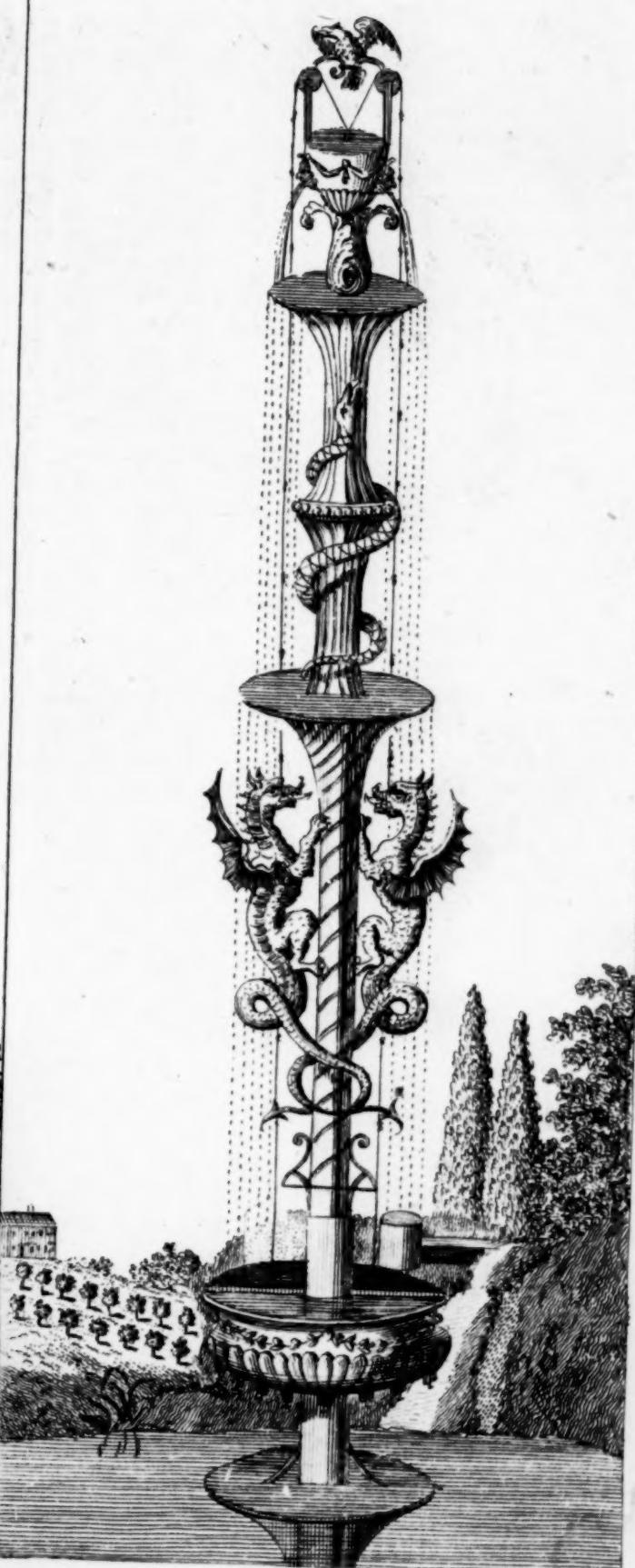


Fig. IV.



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fountains cascades, and other ingenious devices in water-works; and the engine itself is capable of being made a beautiful ornament, as Fig. IV. represents. By a small number of these pumps, a large quantity of water may be raised into any gentleman's pleasure-grounds, for various purposes, and for forming extensive canals, both for use and ornament. In short, it is almost impossible to describe the various uses an engine of this kind may be applied to, where there is a continual running stream, without labour, and where otherwise the water would run to waste.

TO CAPTAINS OF SHIPS.

THE following observations may be thought worthy the attention of all those concerned in shipping: suppose (for instance) a small pump, of any given diameter or height, would deliver such a certain quantity of water in one minute; therefore a pump made on the same principle, twice as large, would deliver four times the quantity in the same space of time; if it was three times as large it would deliver nine times the quantity; and if four times as large it would deliver sixteen times the quantity:—therefore it is plain, by this calculation, that the whole quantity of water to be

raised at each operation, will be in proportion to the squares of the diameters of the pumps, which increase is astonishing to any person's imagination. If two such pumps were fixed on board a ship, one forward and one aft, the perpendicular height of each I will suppose to be twenty-five feet, their bores thirty-six inches each, a tube of this diameter would contain four ton eighteen hundred weight of water, which is the quantity delivered at every operation; so that two pumps of the above height and diameter, would deliver, in the same time, twice the quantity, that is, nine ton sixteen hundred weight, in one minute, and only by the simple application of steering-wheels, capstans, or a windlass, by a few men; and above all, with this real and peculiar advantage, that the sailors would have a respite from their labour the whole time this immense quantity of water is discharging out of the ship.—The inventor therefore flatters himself, that was this method of raising water practised, it would far exceed any chain, or other pumps, for quantity, ease, and expedition, and be the means of saving many a ship and cargo in the greatest extremity.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

Account of the Arrival of GENERAL GAGE in America, in the Year 1774, with the Proceedings of the Americans in Consequence of the Boston Port Bill, until the Appointment of a Congress.

(From the History of the Reign of George III. just published.)

THE joy which appeared on every countenance at the end of this session, was soon turned into sorrow; their most sanguine expectations of peace and subordination in the colonies, was followed by the bitterness of speedy and awful disappointment. About May, General Gage arrived in his government, but without that warmth of reception which marks the coming of a new governor. The Boston port bill, brought over in a ship from London, had alarmed the colonists in the highest degree; and from this moment affairs proceeded in a regular climax, till the sword became drawn, and all government and peace gave place to unspeakable confusion and distress. The first step was to call a meeting of the inhabitants, at which it was agreed to stop

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all sorts of trade with Great-Britain, Ireland, and the West Indies; and to request that the other colonies would do the same, the only means now left in their power for procuring restoration of liberty to America. Every mark of indignity was put upon the bill, copies of which were dispatched instantly to all parts, that the whole continent might as one man testify the abhorrence of a proceeding so tyrannical. The governor met the new assembly soon after his arrival, and without laying any business of more than ordinary moment before them, informed them that it was necessary they should remove to the town of Salem on the 1st of June, as enjoined by act of parliament. To prevent neglect of this order which they aimed at, he adjourned the assembly to

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the 7th of June, after having rejected a petition for a day of prayer and fasting. The other colonies followed the example of Boston, in calling provincial meetings, on the same principles, and animated with the same spirit. In Virginia, the house of burgesses took upon them to appoint the first day of June, the day on which the much hated bill was to be carried into execution, as a day of fasting, prayer, and humiliation; in which they were followed by almost every town. The assembly of Virginia, in consequence of this, was adjourned; a great body of their number issued proposals for an annual general congress, to consider of a regular mode of procedure in their distracted affairs. In their proposals, they were joined by a considerable number of the inhabitants of Philadelphia, who wrote to the Bostonians in terms of feeling for their distress, but earnestly recommended every possible attempt of the lenient kind, rather than to plunge at once into the horrors of civil war. Many thought it highly expedient to avoid carrying matters to unwarrantable lengths, and many objections of private and public interest weighed heavily against the intended scheme of shutting up all their ports, a scheme, indeed, by which Great-Britain would be both injured and disappointed, but a scheme, at the same time, which would, if long persisted in, recoil on the heads of those who devised it. It cannot be supposed, that the situation of General Gage was, at this period, very pleasing; an address from a few friends to government in Boston, was consolatory as far as words, and the promises of an inconsiderable number could prevail, but it was amply balanced by an address that immediately followed from the council, renewing the claims of the colonists, which they maintained were only the claims of Englishmen, and throwing the whole blame of the present dissensions on the conduct of his predecessors. The governor would not deign to hear this address read to the end, but rejected it with contempt, as an insult upon his Majesty, the privy council, and himself. The meeting of the representatives at Salem, according to adjournment, having now taken place, the proposals for a general meeting or congress were again taken into consideration. Five gentlemen were deputed to represent that province, and sool.

was voted for the use of the said committee, all which the governor refused to assent to; it was therefore necessary to raise the sool. by voluntary contribution; and as the assembly had cause to think they would not long be continued in their official capacity, they published a resolution expressive of their sense of the public danger, and recommending the discontinuation of trade with Great-Britain and the Indies, until the many grievances under which they bowed, were lifted from off their shoulders. The governor failed in an attempt to dissolve this assembly, previous to the passing of their resolution, for, having sent his secretary to pronounce their dissolution, he was denied admittance; the business in the mean time settled, and the proclamation for dissolution made upon the stairs. The merchants and freeholders presented an address to the governor, in which, among other remonstrances, they declared their abhorrence of the idea, that they were now enabled to profit by the distresses of Boston; yet, that they were ready to sacrifice every thing compatible with the safety and dignity of British subjects, in order to effect a reconciliation. This address surprized and disappointed the governor, who constantly entertained an opinion, that the merchants would have taken a decided part in favour of government measures; his mistake further appeared, when, upon a motion made by a few of his friends for the payment of the tea, and the dissolution of the committee of correspondence, the majority was so great as to render a similar attempt in future absurd.

By this time meetings were numerous and frequent over all parts of the continent. One cause, one injury, and one sentiment, roused and pervaded all. The only perceptible difference took its rise from a difference of temper, which inclined some to more violent effusions of discontent than others. The friends to England were comparatively very few, and that number still decreased on the arrival of the bills relative to Massachusetts-Bay, and for quartering the troops in America. A general congress became the object of universal desire, and that the time necessary for bringing about this measure might not be lost, the committee of correspondence at Boston entered into a solemn league and

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and covenant, binding themselves to suspend all commercial correspondence with Great Britain until the rights wrested from them, should be restored, and renouncing all communication with those who should refuse to sign this covenant. Agreements of a similar nature were circulated, and acceded to with the greatest avidity, in many other parts of the continent, and a proclamation from General Gage, stiling it an unlawful, hostile, and traitorous combination, and enjoining to magistrates to apprehend any person concerned in it, only served to widen the breach between government and the colonists, and to hasten the measures for a general congress. Philadelphia was judged to be conveniently situated for this purpose; and the beginning of September named for the day of meeting; the people chose representatives as formerly; these chose deputies from among themselves, many or few, according to the extent of the province. Near 900 freeholders at Philadelphia joined in a petition to Mr. Penn the governor, requesting a general assembly to be called, but, this being rejected, the deputies from this province exprefsed the sense of their constituents by several resolutions, in terms of moderation, and in a manner that cannot be viewed without emotions of pity towards their unhappy situation. After the strongest professions of attachment to the sovereign and mother country, they renew their former assertions regarding the rights of America, the in-

justice and oppression practised in the case of the Bostonians, and the super-added hardships of the new bills relative to Massachuset's-Bay. Hence they deduce the necessity of a congress, for the purpose of planning a system of conduct from the united deliberation of the colonies in general, and declare, that great as the inconveniences resulting from interrupted trade may prove, they are ready to sacrifice this, and every other consideration, for the preservation of their liberties. In hopes, however, that remonstrances might at length be effectual, they moved for the speedy appointment of a congress, empowered to lay before the mother country the just claims of her injured colonists. By their resolutions, it was likewise agreed, to exclude from all kind of correspondence, such towns, cities, colonies, or individuals as should refuse, decline, or neglect to adopt and carry into execution, such general plans as should be agreed upon in the congress. The colonies of Virginia and Maryland, and even the two Carolinas, dependent as they were upon the exportation of their products, went a step farther, and resolved not to purchase any more slaves from the West Indies or Africa, or any other place; nor send any tobacco, or any other goods whatever to Britain; and that the disadvantage of this might not lie heavy on themselves, they recommended the cultivation of several articles, in lieu of the tobacco, particularly to improve the breed of sheep.

An Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE LXII.

AN Enquiry into the Authenticity of Ossian's Poems, with a Reply to Mr. Clark's Answer. The second Edition corrected. By the Rev. Mr. W. Sbarw.

THIS pamphlet, in our opinion, decides for ever the Ossian controversy. The reply it produced from Mr. Clark was so scandalously vulgar and scurilous as more than any other mode of defence incontestibly demonstrated the imposture. Little minds, who are all naturally fretful, are never so angry as when their plots are discovered. And the author of the Enquiry could not have wished for a more satisfactory vindication of the truth he investigates than the idle and mad attack on his character, occasioned by

his laudable and manly efforts to undeceive an abused publick. In this edition, however, he condescends to repel the thrusts of his antagonist, and strongly exemplifies how superior reason and moderation always are to sophistry and fury. The inspirations of truth are manly and temperate; the instigations of falsehood noisy and outrageous.

It is no difficult matter to conceive how foolishly those of the Scotch literati who stood foremost in this farcical contest, on finding their credulity and temerity thus effectually exposed, must, like so many conjurors whose projects are blown, stare at one another. A great wit of the last age was surprised that two persons could anywhere meet without laughing, because, as he supposed,

supposed, they were both equally concerned in the same collusion against the rest of mankind. This is a circumstance which we should imagine gives the celebrated Dr. Blair especially a very awkward appearance to the learned world. Indeed, no other account can be given of his elaborate dissertation concerning the poems of Ossian, than that his rhetorical character was not then sufficiently established, that he deemed it necessary for the benefit of his class to make a parade of his critical abilities, and that, to suit the vicious taste of the publick he might afford an example of that pedantry of expression for which, in the course of his lectures, he poured such a profusion of contemptible abuse on the author of the Rambler.

LXIII. *Critical Observations concerning the Scottish Historians, Hume, Stuart, and Robertson, &c.*

THE chief design of these observations is to expose that vicious mode of writing to which the reverend historiographer for Scotland owes all his reputation. This the author, who seems no novice in the business, does with a manly impartiality and freedom. He attacks and dissects the courtly and cunning historian in every part of historical composition, and reprobates with a pointed and liberal severity that contemptible sophistry or pliability of temper by which facts in this modish writer are every way accommodated to the pride and humour of a prevailing party. This selfish trifling with truth which recommends the Principal's labours so effectually to king's, sycophants, and knaves of all descriptions, has been long regarded by men of candour and generosity with peculiar contempt. But it was reserved for this masterly critic, to demonstrate, as he has certainly done, with exemplary elegance and perspicuity, that the historiographer is totally destitute of originality; that his narration is often confused, trite, and unsatisfactory; that his characters like those commonplace strokes in painting, which apply to every picture, are without truth or discrimination; and that his style or composition is formed solely to amuse the ignorant and superficial, but discovers nothing classical, and is uniform only in the want of variety, energy, and grace.

LXIV. *The Festival of Wit; or, Small Talker, &c.*

TO this publication there is no bookseller's name, and it does the trade some credit that none of them would be instrumental in the publication of such an infamous medley. Perhaps the author meant it as an epitome of modern literature, which is seldom any more than a dull repetition of what has been frequently and better told before. Whoever he is, he might have been at least as respectably, and much more usefully, em-

ployed in shouldering a musket than in thus putting into the mouth of his sovereign a vulgar farrago of obscenity, ribaldry, blasphemy, and nonsense.

LXV. *The Flowers of Literature.*

A Bookseller, like a pirate, is often charged with predatory practices. Leaving the common persecution of authors the trade like those in whom they live and move, and from whom they have their being, are now become game cocks to one another. This vile catch-penny is a most crude and ill-sorted selection from the beauties of various authors, published by Kearsley. The idea of making those acquainted with our best writers whose situation in life might not permit them to purchase or peruse their whole works, met the approbation of the publick, as every proposition promising such utility certainly will. But envy is an inseparable attendant on success. A swarm of servile imitators are already started, among whom this is one of the most impudent, to prevent the original inventor from reaping the natural emoluments of his own industry. We sincerely wish and trust every such invasion of literary property may be punished with that contempt and neglect which it so richly deserves.

LXVI. *Sentimental Beauties and Moral Delineations, &c.*

BLAIR's Sermons are already as much forgotten as the circumstances of his receiving a pension, and that profusion of puffing which accompanied their publication, and to which, and various other etiquette of the trade, they owed a temporary popularity. But if they possess no greater beauties than are delineated in this volume, the publick may blush for the reception they had, and they cannot be too soon resigned to their native obscurity. The truth is, had this scribbler meant only a selection of the most exceptionable passages he could hardly have been more successful. And the frippery of Blair thus pompously detached is not much enriched from the anonymous passages which accompany him in this pitiful compilation.

LXVII. *Poetical parts of the Old Testament, newly translated from the Hebrew, with Notes critical and explanatory. By William Green, M. A. Rector of Hardingham in Norfolk, &c.*

THE learned and ingenious author is a zealous opposer of the Masoretical reading of the Old Testament; at the same time he adopts the sentiments of Bishop Hare, respecting the structure of the Hebrew metre. "For want, says he, of knowing the metre the Mosaics have divided the poetical Scriptures into periods and clauses very injudiciously. In Isaiah xiv. 7. they have put a full stop between the nominative case and the verb. Now what can be more glaringly absurd? and yet our translators, never sus-

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pecting it, have followed them into the same mistake. Let the reader judge for himself, whether the Masoretical or metrical division of the period is to be followed. The masoretical I give in the words of our translation.

7. The whole earth is at rest and is quiet:
They break forth into singing.
8. Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee,
And the cedars of Lebanon, saying
9. Since thou art laid down no feller is come
against us.

The metrical division runs thus:

The whole earth is quiet and at ease;
Even the fir-trees break forth into singing,
And the cedars of Lebanon triumph over
thee, saying,
Since thou art laid low, no feller is come
up against us.'

Now which of the two is the true division of the period? which the most just and elegant?" Mr. Green produces other instances of the imperfect state of the Masoretical copy, and of the blunders of the English translators in consequence of relying too implicitly on it. He thinks many omissions may be repaired, and many mistakes rectified by Bishop Hare's scheme of the metre. We apprehend the experiment a fallacious one. The best Hebrew scholars have pronounced Bishop Hare's plan to be imaginary; and as the supplying of defects must even on his plan, depend wholly upon conjecture, we think the experiment as dangerous as it is delusive. If the defect is to be supplied in order to preserve the metrical order of any particular verse that may be supposed to have lost some members of it, who can with any degree of confidence point out the exact words: or who indeed can decide as to the exact sense? It may be said, "the words and the sense will point out themselves." This, however, is a very equivocal and precarious rule: and every conjecturer is left to the rovings of his own imagination to satisfy himself what the sense is, and what the words ought to be. Mr. Green professes himself little informed by the late collation of the Hebrew MSS. though he acknowledges that it hath had its use, because it hath delivered us from the shackles of the Hebrew verity. We see Mr. Green's reason for being dissatisfied with Dr. Kennicott's labours. The Hebrew MSS. only supply verbal or literal corrections. They do not supply whole clauses; they do not elucidate any difficult text by transposition. This last is the business of conjecture. And "Here, says our author, a new field is opened." New indeed! and ever will it be so; for every new comer will turn it up afresh, so that it will never be old.

We say not this to depreciate Mr. Green's merit, in his translations of the poetical parts of Scripture. They are in general very faithful; and the notes are proofs of his learning, judgment, and ingenuity.

The present volume contains a translation of the following remarkable parts of the Old Testament. The blessings of Noah, of Isaac, of Jacob, of Moses. The song of Moses, of Deborah, of Isaiah, of the Jews (Isaiah xxvi) The Canticles. The parables of Balaam, &c. The thanksgivings of Hannah Hezekiah, Jonah. The lastwords of David, and the prayer of Habakkuk, with other poetical pieces of holy writ.

In the division of the Canticles into dialogues, and in the commentary on them, the author follows the plan of Dr. Percy (now advanced to an Irish bishoprick) and to whom a handsome acknowledgment is here made for the obligation.

LXVIII. *Discourses on the Book of Ruth, and other Important Subjects. By the late Rev. John Macgowan, 8vo.*

AMONG a certain class of people Mr. Macgowan was reckoned a wit as well as a saint. He was the author of a pamphlet which he called the *Shaver's Sermon*, occasioned by the expulsion of some methodistical students from the university. The humour of it, however, was forced and unnatural: though, because it sprung up in a soil where pleasantry was an exotic, it was looked on as a choice rarity, and being unexpected it was supposed to be excellent. The author had a fertile imagination; and these posthumous sermons are a proof of it. He turns every thing in the History of Ruth to a spiritual account. Every event is typical: and every incident teems with mystery! names are analysed in order to discover what doctrine of the gospel is folded up in them: and Boaz and Ruth, Elimelech and Naomi, with their daughter Orpah, contain a little body of Calvinistic divinity! The 9th sermon, or *Dip thy morsel in the vinegar*, is particularly curious. The author first considers the use of vinegar in a natural sense; and then explains its spiritual meaning, and shews its benefit to the soul. "Of the vinegar in which thy morsel must be dipped, O believer, there are two kinds, equally salutary, equally necessary. (1) The vinegar of personal afflictions and sorrows. (2) The vinegar of the sufferings and sorrows of thy holy Redeemer.—Dost thou eat the bread of comfort and pardoning love? Dip thy morsel in the vinegar of the expiatory sufferings of Jesus, as the only channel of pardoning loving kindness. No bread more pleasant than this to the soul: yet still it will be both more pleasant and nutritive for its being dipped in this vinegar. How pleasant and delightful is the voice of pardon when I beheld my bleeding Lord wrestling to obtain it! My healing is never so divinely ravishing as when I feel the cruel stripes of the macerated Jesus. My bread can never eat with such a gust as when I contemplate the penury of the Son of the Highest. How divinely fitting is the justifying robe when dipped in the ardent obedience of the sinner's substitute."

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substitute." We can conceive of bread dipped in vinegar; but we must leave the robe dipped in obedience to the comprehension of those adepts in mystery, who find out the Christian church in Ruth, and the Gentile world in Orpah!

LXIX. *Thoughts on Polygamy, including Remarks on Thelyptthora, and its Scheme.* By James Cookson, Clerk, A. B. of Queen's College, Oxon; Rector of Colemore and Prior's Dean, Hants. 8vo.

THIS work is offered to the public as a full and complete answer to Mr. Madan's celebrated performance. The author considers "other replies as partial;" and flatters himself that his own "will always be a work of utility, because it is written not so much from a desire of engaging in controversy, as to convey general information on the matters about which it treats." The information indeed is very general! The reasoning is flimsy and desultory; and the reflections superficial and trifling. The author discovers no acuteness; no penetration; little learning, and less modesty; for the only chapter in which any thing like argument, criticism, or erudition is discovered was stolen, absolutely stolen, from the Monthly Review; and that too without the ceremony of acknowledgment. Such a flagrant instance of literary fraud we never witnessed before; and when first hinted to us by a learned friend, we could scarcely give it credit. A comparison, however, gave us full conviction; and all our speculations relating to the modesty and probity of the clergy were baffled by this uncommon instance of impudence and injustice. And yet this writer begins his book with making a declaration "on his Honour!"

LXX. *Letters Addressed to two Young Married Ladies, on the most interesting Subjects.* 2 Vols. 12mo.

THE motto to this work is—*Friendship beld the pen.* We will add—religion, virtue, and good sense guided it.

LXXI. *Sketches of the Art of Painting, with a Description of the most capital Pictures in the King of Spain's Palace at Madrid.* In a Letter from Sir Anthony Raphael Mengs, Knt. first Painter to his Catholick Majesty, to Don Antonio Poaz, Secretary to the Royal Academy of San Fernando. Translated from the Original Spanish, by John Talbot Dillon, Knight and Baron of the Sacred Roman Empire. Small 8vo.

THE zealous friend of this great artist, Don Nicholas de Azara, the King of Spain's agent at Rome, hath lately published his life, together with an account of his works, as well as his writings, on an art, which he

possessed in so liberal and superior a degree; but as this work is voluminous, and some considerable time will, in all probability, pass before it can make its appearance in an English dress, the translator hath ventured to anticipate the curiosity of the public, by bringing forward this sketch on the art of painting, with reflections on some of the principal pictures in the King of Spain's palace at Madrid. These remarks are addressed to Don Antonio Poaz, a sprightly ingenious Spaniard, who, at his return from Italy, published his tour through part of his own country, to which he added a description of Madrid, the Escorial and other royal palaces; and to this description, annexed the remarks of his friend Mengs, which are now presented to the English reader.

In the sketches on the art of painting, the ingenious artist enumerates and describes its various styles, viz. the beautiful, the graceful, the expressive, the natural, the vitiated, and the easy. He next treats of design, of the clair obscure, of colouring, of invention, of composition; and after some general observations on the progress of this art, particularly in Greece and Italy, with an estimate of the discriminating excellencies of the great Italian masters of the 15th century, he proceeds to describe more particularly the paintings which adorn the palace of his Catholic Majesty, by Velasquez, Spagnolet, Titian, Rubens, Tintoret, Correggio, Caracci, Leonardo Da Vinci, Vandyke, Luca Jordano, and above the rest, the most beautiful picture of the great Raphael, known by the name of * *Il Spasimo di Sicilia.*

We doubt not but this work will prove highly acceptable to the connoisseurs in this noble art: and others may reap much elegant information and entertainment from the perusal of it. The rules laid down, though brief, are perspicuous: and the observations are striking proofs of the author's exquisite taste and nice discernment.

We will select one specimen from this pleasing and instructive work, under the head of "the graceful style."—"Gracefulness is equivalent to beneficence, from whence I conceive that those objects which appear graceful, are such as convey an idea of such qualifications. The style suitable to such attributes, should give to the figure a moderation in its attitude, attended with softness, and rather inclining towards a mild than an imperious gesture. Its execution should be compleated with ease, variety, and gentleness, but without minuteness. The most perfect example of this style, among the Greeks, are the *Venus of Medicis*, the *Appollino*,

* Originally painted for a church in Sicily of that name. The ship, according to Vasari, was lost; but the picture was recovered, without damage, from the wreck. The subject is taken from Scripture, when the women wept on seeing our Saviour bearing the cross; and he said to them, foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem, Daughters of Jerusalem weep not for me; but weep for yourselves and your children.

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Appollino, and the *Hermaprodite* in the Villa Borghese; and the remains of the beautiful Cupid in the same villa: and also the *Nymph*, half robed, leaning on a vase, at St. Ildefonso, and other statues. Raphael possessed every grace in the motion of his figures, but he was rather inelegant in their forms and colours, though his general execution is bold. Correggio may serve as a model in the com-tours and the *clair-obscur*, and every part understood by the expression of graceful manner. He possessed in the highest degree that quality of which Apelles boasted when he praised Protogenes. He used to say, he was equal to him in every thing, but he did not know how to take the pencil from his canvass, giving to understand that too much labour is hurtful to art, deprives it of spirit and grace, and is contrary to this style."

LXXII. *An Examination of the important Question, whether Education at a great School or by private Tuition is preferable? With Remarks on Mr. Knox's Book entitled "Liberal Education." By P. Stockdale, 8vo.*

THIS writer is a most enthusiastic advocate for private education, in opposition to the ingenious Mr. Knox, who gives the preference to public. Much may be said of both sides: theory seems to favour the former; but practice we think hath long decided in favour of the latter.

As for this writer his zeal outruns his knowledge. His arguments are diffuse and flimsy: his language is a mixture of the glaring and the vulgar, without purity and without force; and the whole is evidently the production of disgusting vanity and stubborn prejudice. We could not help smiling at this writer's calling Dr. Moore and Mr. Wraxall, "conceited egotists" and "puerile babblers." Alas! how ignorant are we of ourselves! must every conceited egotist, must every puerile babbler want an honest Nathan at his elbow, to whisper to him, "Thou art the man?"

Nemo in se se tentat descendere, nemo.

P O E T I C A L E S S A Y S.

PROLOGUE,

*Spoken by Mr. PALMER, to the new Farce of
Too CIVIL BY HALF, and written by
the author.*

If through life's bustling scene we look around,
Nine out of ten *too civil* far are found;
With promises they crowd from ev'ry part,
And feign a friendship that ne'er touch'd the heart:
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All now shake hands, and joke, and sing, and
And each one proves, *too civil* by one half.

Thro' ev'ry class of men politeness rages,
Unknown to Gothic times and barb'rous ages.

Some *civil* are whilst they'd obtain a borough
They then say one thing, but—they mean an-
other; [fore th' election,
With nought but bows—bribes—smiles be-
And ham—nice fowls, and turkeys for dis-
fection; [miss,
They greet th' electors, and each wife and
The former drink with—with the latter—kiss.
Yet soon as chosen, in their sleeves they laugh,
And prove too *civil* they have been by half.

Duke's-Place produces many a *civil* friend,
Who-for bare cent. per cent. their "*monies*"
lend;
Good Christians too adore the golden calf,
And Moses-like, *too civil* prove by half.

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This gen'ral rule exception hath, at least,
Few are o'er civil at a city feast;
"More wen'son fat there, and some currant
jelly" [belly].
His worship cries—and strokes his fair round
"This Callipasb and Callipee's too nice,
"Sir, wou'd you choose a bit?"—Himself
helps twice.

In private life this *civil* rage is greater,
Miss must be free, or modern beaux will hate
her;
Each high-bred dame, or self-admiring prude,
Is *civil* now, lest men should think her rude.

Abroad our gallant tars take diff'rent turns,
The noblest passion in their bosom burns;
Of Britons long they've been the prop and
staff,
No foe *too civil* found them yet by half.
The vet'r'an Elliott too—that soldier rough,
By honour form'd of good old-fashion'd stuff,
Is often rude, for when the dons have prest,
His red-hot balls have metth' advancing guest.
Civility ne'er smoothes that hero's name,
Except when mercy spreads his glorious fame;
"Tis fix'd as fate, and will with time grow
old— [old].
Let France and Spain the god-like tale un-

Our author from so many *civil* faces,
Some share of favour thinks he plainly traces;
And tho' he aims to cure a growing evil,
He'll not complain, should you be over *civil*;
Or should your plaudits join a short-liv'd
laugh,
He'll never say you've been *too loud by half*.

A Prologue to a Summer's Adventures by a Company of Strolling Players, at ——.

LADIES and gentlemen—ah why from
home,
Can you remote too from Augusta roam.
Or like your kindred of the buskin sort,
Explore the country for relief or sport.
Well—life we see is much the same in all,
The trite calamity of great and small.
We dance from place to place, in hopes to find
One moment's leisure from a restless mind.

Come then, it matters little what we wear,
Or from what motives all assemble here.
Though dub'd by chance with many titled
fools,
Or fresh imported from the inns and schools.
Whether with names for but awhile at night,
Which like most honours shun the piercing
light.
Or with fantastic heads we faintly ape,
The most enormous and devoid of shape.
Our mimic grandeur suits us full as well,
As those whose vices need a thicker veil.
We all alike one object would attain, [gain].
You bliss from laughing, and we bliss from

Yes—We are strollers as all the world are,
Mean our profession and as mean our fare,
Thus fortune wills it, and we must submit,
But you can make this heavy burden light,
And by the magic of your presence raise,
Our drooping heads and tune our tongues to
praise,

Nor do we hope in this forbidding place,
Our trade to rescue from its known disgrace,
But wish to live, as others did before,
In decent poverty, and wish no more.

To raise good humour or by farce divert,
From melancholy ev'ry aching heart. [fair,
Pleas'd with the suffrage of the young and
We risque our sev'ral talents as they are.
What nature gives to us, we give to you,
Were she less frugal, we could be more new.
No merit durst (were approbation dumb)
Lift up its head or hope for fame to come,
Nor do ye know how genius here might wake,
And what an odds a crowded house would
make.

Did not the finest actors of the age,
Strut once like us in strolling equipage.
By your indulgence we like them would
aim,
To do our best, if not to reach their fame,
And thus encouraged boldly dare appeal,
From ruthless critics to the few who feel,

*To Mrs. ES-D-LE in Bunhill Row, with
a book.*

ACCEPT, thou tenderest of all the fair,
A This boon from one whom once you
deem'd sincere.
Whose bosom still thy gentle virtues warm,
And must while sympathy has pow'r to charm,

Doubt not the honest dictates of his heart,
Which what he feels, not what he feigns,
impart.
Nor strive to stifle that endearing sigh,
Or hide the tear which glitters in thine eye.

Let stern implacability debase, [raise].
Their minds whom virtue has no pow'r to
Where all the fiends in sullen rage unite,
To chill benignity and scorn excite.
Vile hypocrites in Heav'n's liv'ry clad,
With hearts to truth as taste to merit dead.

Men is the triumph o'er another's bliss,
Etoh! how sweet to mitigate distress. [eyen
Mild as the dew drops which refresh the
Such pity breathes the richest balm of heav'n,
And when the dearest of thy joys are gone,
When age brings frailty and reflection on.
When life's poor dream and all its ills are past,
And friends relent their cruelty at last.
This single thought will certain comfort yield,
That thy compassion prov'd one poor man's
shield.

Of all the feelings which posses thy breast,
Love and humanity become thee best.

TO THE SAME,
A SONNET.

A POLLIO shields his sons, and shields their songs,
And all the muses vindicate their wrongs,
Each bard, however subject to the spleen,
Is always sacred to some power unseen.
Read Gray, and tremble to incur the blame,
Of trifling with a tittle of their fame.

But chiefly when the fair,
Their wonted warmth forbear.
Stern Satire rears her angry head,
And bids her thunders fly,
In vain the guilty would recede,
Or her fierce wrath defy.

Who would not deprecate a breath,
Thus penitential after death.

Fear not, sweet Chloe, while the muse remains,

No fiend malignant dare attack thy fame;
But love still warbling in immortal strains,
With lasting honours shall embalm thy name.

How happy they, above what life can give,
Who thus, while all around them perish, live.
Fools for his song the venal poet blest,
Nor for my votive verse canst thou do less.

Perhaps when yon cold urn shall hide my dust,
The partial world may to my fame be just.
My friends recal their tenderness again,
And tears unbidden to my mem'ry deign,
Then sigh and mutter to the senseless wind,
What now might haply soothe a troubled mind.

TO A FRIEND.

On the Censure of the World.

YES! sure 'tis here that pride—that folly reigns!

I'll bid the notice of the world farewell;
And bend my steps to yonder humbler plains,
Where peace and innocence and candour dwell.

Ye heav'n-born three! your vot'ry there
shall raise, [name:
Some green-turf altar to each honour'd
In artless strains there celebrate your praise,
And lose perchance the applause he cannot claim.

And you, sweet warblers, that awake the morn,
Your wood-notes wild shall charm my lift'ning ears:

Ye aged oaks that yonder hills adorn,
Beneath your shades will I forget my cares.

Far hence shall masqu'd hypocrisy remove,
The blush of conscious guilt be never known;
Nor superstition dare pollute the grove,
But virtue come a resident alone.

LOND. MAG. NOV. 1782.

Thus Damon sung when Lycidas pass'd by:—
“Are these, he cried, thy visionary strains?
What scenes hath fancy pictur'd to thine eye—
Thy reason fetter'd in its magic chains?

“What though ill-fortune frowns on worth
sublime;

And modest merit steps unheeded by;
Yet shall we live in this unfriendly clime,
And wonder at a cold and low'ring sky?

“But let not mean, inglorious ease, my friends
Tempt thee the social duties to forego;
The calls of mild benevolence attend,
And soothe with lenient hand the child of woe.

“Shall the dark frown of malice cloud that fire
Which warms the breast inviolately pure?
No!—brighter bid the heav'nly flame aspire,
‘Tis noble to be good and to endure!”

S.

Extracted from a MS. poem addressed to a certain military gentleman, whose capital distinction was the talent of punning.

LET souls mechanic tread through study's maze,

And for dull science barter dearer ease;

A brighter course thy active spirit runs:

Wit, sense, or learning, what are ye to puns?

When you speak puns (and puns are all you speak)

Self approbation glows upon your cheek:

While conscious merit every smile implies,

And vanity reigns sparkling in your eyes.

What tho' each paltry wit, to fame unknown,
Raise the loud laugh or pour the deep'ning groan:

What tho' around the circling sneer is spread,
And keen reproaches wound thy silver head;

Still have I seen the on a day like this,

Greatly serene amidst the general hiss,

With eye of pity mark each envious bard,

Conscious that merit is its own reward.

So when alarm'd the solemn bird of night,
Spreads her dull pinions to the blaze of light.

Sudden around the warblers of the day,

Prop'd on their airy wings insulting play;

Now here, now there, in wanton circles fly,

And a shrill clamour echoes thro' the sky:

But he unmov'd serenely soars along,

Nor heeds the malice of the clamorous throng;

With eye askance scowls on each giddy fowl,

Plum'd in the conscious merit of an owl.

THE MACARONI MOUNTAIN.

See Virgil's Æneid, Lib. IV.

— *JAMQUE volans apicem et latera ardua*
cernit,
Atlantis duri, cælum qui vertice fulcit.
Atlantis, cinctum assidue cui nubibus atris
Pineferum caput, et vento pulsatur et imbri;
Nix bumeros infusa tegit: tum flumina mento,
Præcipitant senis et glacie riget horrida barba.

Thus

Thus Virgil has dressed one of the chief servants of the Gods; and thus they have let the poor old gentleman stand for some thousand years without a rag to cover him! Now as a modern gentleman is a more christian-like being than a heathen god, I have followed the advice of some friends, and presented him with a new hat and periwig, and here you have him in the height of the mode.

Now from on high he marks where Atlas stood,
* Proud of his verdant periwig of wood :
Each sweeping curl which shades his lofty brow,
Was powder'd nice with everlasting snow ;
In order trim each single twig was plac'd,
Frizz'd to the roots by Boreas's ruffing blast :
Whilst far beneath dark mist the mountain shrouds,
And forms a *chapeau bras* of rolling clouds.

D. E.

*A SONG for the Antimusical Society.
President.*

NO envy in this lodge appears,
Nor strife to us belongs, Sir ;
But every one attentive hears,
His neighbour sing his song, Sir,

1st Singer.

Unpleasing notes to married ear,
The † cuckow doth jingle ;
Discord the sounds can never fear,
She always liveth single.

2d Singer.

Echo in fields the horn doth cheat,
Of its discordant sounds, Sir,
And makes its notes appear most sweet,
Contrasted with our hounds, Sir.

Let us (the horn will sound once more)
Bark while the time's before us ;
Discord will bellow out *encore* ;
And Echo join in chorus.

3d Singer.

Now let your steady ears be bent,
The comb its hum is pouring ;
'Twas Mercury's † own instrument,
When Jove, Sir, went a whoring.

The good old Argus lull'd to sleep,
Pleas'd by the gentle measure ;
And Jove no longer forc'd to peep,
Kil'd Juno at his leisure,

P A R E L L E L.

* And periwig'd with snow the waving woods.
Bald-pate the woods and periwig'd the mountains.

† An allusion to the Ode to Discord.

‡ Mercury's lyre was a *testudo*, or tortoise-shell.

¶ The great herald has a trumpet to announce the time for giving the toast ; and also to command silence.

The dame rewarding well the boy,
For quieting the fox, Sir,
He gave her the ingenious toy,
To comb her husband's locks, Sir,

|| *Grand Herald.*

In war the trumpet's sound to arms
Is Discord's favourite boast, Sir.
In peace it gives the same alarms,
By sounding for the toast, Sir.

D. E.

THE FAREWELL TO EMILY.

ERE raging seas and fatal climes,
Where war's dread thunders roar,
Divide me from the maid I love,
Hopeless to meet her more ;
Will beauteous Emily accept
An unknown poet's lays,
Who scorns to court with flattering tongue,
Or cloy with fulsome praise ?

Within whose breast no falsehood dwells,
Untainted still by art,
Whose rhyme is dress'd in plain attire,
The language of the heart,
His muse despairs to India's realms,
For brilliant gems to fly,
To match the quick expressive fire,
That lightens in thine eye.

She seems from Eden's blooming groves,
To pluck the lily fair,
To emulate thy graceful form,
Thy elegance and air.

For tho' you now superior shine,
And gazing crowds admire,
Some few short years that lovely form
No more shall wake desire.

Then love decays ! (so false ones say
Who prostitute the name)
What arts will Emily then use
To fan th' expiring flame ?

But not to outward form alone
Are all her charms confin'd,
More lasting charms my fair shall boast
Enamel'd on her mind.

These shall afford thee, Emily,
Of pleasures endless store,
When health decays, and beauty fades,
And youth shall be no more.

Thrice blest the man whose well priz'd worth
Shall hail the happy day,
When chaste connubial love shall call
Those virtues to display.

When

Philips's Epist. from Denmark.

Drayton.

Vid. Lond. Mag. for August.

‡ Mercury's lyre was a *testudo*, or tortoise-shell.

When time shall rend the youthful veil
Which scarce their lustre shrouds,
And forth they beam as April suns
Burst brighter from the clouds.

But, oh! thou lovely, much lov'd maid,
Of Folly's foils beware;
Oh! quit not Reason's steady light
For Fashion's tinsel glare.

Nor heed the fly insidious sneer,
Or hint that's half supprest:
These disappointed malice frames
To wound thy tender breast.

No worm will fix his venom'd tooth
Where baleful nightshade grows,
Eager he seeks a n bler spoil,
And blights the budding rose.

So flourish Vice and Folly's weeds
Secure from Slander's sting;
That child of pining Envy preys
Where choicest virtues spring.

Fain would I more! my willing pen
Would the dear theme pursue:
But see, the loosen'd fails demand
My sad, my last adieu!

No, Emily, I will not rave,
I will not challenge Heav'n,
Tho' wide as oceans roll the lots
Which Fate to us has giv'n.

'Tis thine entwin'd in Hymen's bands
To bleſſe me favour'd youth,
With virtue, reason, candour, sense,
Pure innocence and truth.

But mine to check the rising sigh,
And wipe the falling tear,
By hapless destiny condemn'd
To love and to despair.

Adieu! nor seek to know what wretch
Doth these sad lines indite;
O'er him oblivion soon shall spread
The deepest shades of night.

D. E.

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

From the LONDON GAZETTE
EXTRAORDINARY.

Friday, Nov. 8.

Admiralty-Office, Nov. 7, 1782.

 CAPTAIN Henry Duncan, of his Majesty's ship the Victory, arrived this morning with despatches from Lord Viscount Howe, and also with despatches from Captain Curtis, of the Brilliant, who commanded the brigade of seamen at Gibraltar, of which the following are extracts:

Extract of triplicate of a letter from Lord Viscount Howe, to Mr. Stephens, dated on board the Victory, Oct. 21, 1782, Cape Spartel E. N. E. 40 leagues.

RESERVING the more particular account of my proceedings to be delivered on my return to England, I send the Peggy cutter now to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that after much delay by contrary winds and very unfavourable weather, the fleet arrived off of Cape St. Vincent on the 9th instant.

According to the advices previously obtained, I had reason to expect to find the enemy off of Cape St. Mary's; but by authentick intelligence I had then an opportunity to procure, I learned that the combined fleets, consisting of fifty sail of three and two-decked ships, had taken a station, some time before, in Gibraltar-Bay.

On the morning of the 11th the fleet entered the Straits, and the van arriving off of Gibraltar-Bay a short time after the close of

day, a very favourable opportunity offered for the store-ships to have reached their destined anchorage without molestation from the enemy; but, for want of timely attention to the circumstances of the navigation, pointed out in the instructions communicated by Captain Curtis, only four of the thirty-one, which had kept company with the fleet on the passage, effected their purpose.

Very tempestuous weather in the night of the 10th had put two of the enemy's two-decked ships on shore, a third lost her fore-mast and bowsprit, and a fourth had been driven under the works of the garrison, and captured; two more went out of the bay to the eastward. With the rest of their force they put to sea the evening of the 13th, to interrupt the introduction of the remaining store-ships; and having the wind at W.N.W. they bore down upon the fleet, then off Fangerolle, in order of battle. Upon sight of the fleet (standing to the southward) about nine that night, they appeared to haul to the wind on the larboard tack. In the morning of the 14th, the fleet being to the southward of the enemy six or seven leagues, and the wind changing soon after to the eastward, the opportunity was taken to pass such of the store ships as were then with the fleet into the bay.

On the night of the 18th, the rest of the store-ships, which had been ordered to a special rendezvous with the Buffalo, on sight of the enemy on the 13th (the Thompson victualler, that had parted company in the mean time, excepted) were likewise anchored in Rosia Bay. The troops embarked in

the ships of war, together with a large supply of powder, being landed at the same time, and the wants of the garrison amply provided for in every respect, I proposed taking advantage immediately of the easterly wind, which had prevailed the two or three preceding days, for returning through the Straits to the westward.

At break of day, on the 19th, the combined force of the enemy was seen at a little distance to the N. E. The fleet being at that time so nearly between Europa and Ceuta Points, that there was not space to form in order of battle on either tack, I re-passed the Straits, followed by the enemy.

The wind changing next morning (the 20th) to the northward, the combined fleets (consisting of forty-five or forty-six ships in the line) still retained the advantage of the wind.

The British fleet being formed to leeward to receive them, they were left uninterruptedly, to take the distance at which they should think fit to engage. They began their cannonade at sun-set on the van and rear, seeming to point their chief attack on the latter, and continued their fire along their whole line, at a considerable distance, and with little effect, until ten at night. It was returned occasionally from different ships of the fleet, as their nearer approach at times afforded a more favourable opportunity for making any impression upon them.

The enemy hauling their wind, and the British fleet keeping on all night with the full sail directed before the commencement of their fire, the fleets are now much separated; but as I conceive the knowledge of the relief of Gibraltar may be of much consequence at this time, I take the opportunity, while it is now almost calm, and the ships are refitting the damages they have sustained in their masts and rigging by the enemy's fire, to forward this despatch without further delay.

P. S. The Minerva naval transport, with the baggage of the regiments embarked in the ships of war, separated from the fleet in the night of the 13th, and was, I hear, since taken by the enemy.

Extract of a letter from Lord Viscount Howe to Mr. Stephens, dated on board the Victory, at sea, Oct. 24, 1782.

SIR,

DEEMING it essential to His Majesty's service, that the debarkation of the troops and stores at Gibraltar should be communicated to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty as soon as possible, I sent the Peggy cutter the 21st instant with a general report of my proceedings, in execution of my orders, to that period.

A duplicate of that report went in the Buffalo, ordered for England the next day, on account of the state of her wounded

masts; and I enclose a triplicate of the same by this conveyance, to connect the relation of the different circumstances respecting the employment of the fleet, which have since occurred. Some of the ships having sustained more damage in their masts and yards by the fire of the enemy on the 20th than was at first observed, the necessary repairs were not completed until the 22d. But as it was mostly calm in the mean time no advantage could have been made of an opportunity to follow the enemy (who, when last seen on the 21st, were standing off to the N. N. W. by the wind on the starboard tack) if the masts had been earlier secured.

I have only to express my regret, that the little confidence the enemy showed in their superiority, by keeping always as near as they could haul to the wind, prevented the full effect of the animated exertions, which, I am sure would have been made by every officer and seaman in the fleet under my command, if they could have closed with their opponents: but as I judged such nearer approach could not then be seasonably attempted, I made no change in the disposition of the ships as formed at first to receive the enemy.

For similar reasons I do not dwell more particularly on the merits of the flag officers of the fleet on the same occasion, being certain they would disregard any commendations of their efforts against an enemy who declined giving them an opportunity to discharge the duty of their stations, in repelling a more serious attack: but at the same time I am reminded of the advantages derived to his Majesty's service, from the extensive knowledge of the difficult navigation within the Straits acquired by, and the unremitting assiduity of, my first captain, Leveson Gower.

Having had but very little wind from the N. E. chiefly since the 21st, I cannot much longer, with prudence (under the reduced state of the water and stores in many of the ships) make the pursuit of the enemy's fleets, which, I suppose, are on their return to Cadiz, the first object of my attention.

Captain Duncan, of the Victory, taking his passage in the Latona, is charged with this despatch; and as Captain Curtis, who was sent off to me for the last time on the 19th, with Gen. Elliott's confidential sentiments, could not be put on shore again, in consequence of the return of the enemy from the eastward that morning, I have appointed him to command the Victory for the time being, until their lordships' pleasure is signified for his future conduct.

Total of the killed and wounded from the fire of the combined fleets, Oct. 20, 1782.

Killed	—	68
Wounded	—	208 — 276
		HOWE.

Extract

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Extract of a letter from Captain Curtis, of his Majesty's ship Brilliant, to Mr. Stephens, Secretary of the Admiralty, dated Camp at Europa, Gibraltar, Sept. 15, 1782.

BE pleased to acquaint my Lords Commissioners that the combined fleet of France and Spain, consisting of thirty-eight sail of the line, arrived in this bay on the 12th instant; six sail of the line were here before.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 13th, the ten battering ships of the enemy lying at the head of the bay, under the command of Admiral Moreno, began to get under sail in order to come against the garrison; every thing was in readiness for their reception. At ten the admiral's ship was placed about one thousand yards from the King's bastion, and commenced his fire. The others were very shortly afterwards posted to the north and south of him, at small distances asunder, and began their cannonade. They were all fixed to the stations allotted them in a masterly manner. Our batteries opened as the enemy came before them: the fire was very heavy on both sides; the red-hot shot were sent with such precision from the garrison, that in the afternoon the smoke was seen to issue from the upper part of the admiral, and one other, and men were perceived to be using fire engines and pouring water into the holes, endeavouring to extinguish the fire. Their efforts proved ineffectual; by one o'clock in the morning the two before-mentioned were in flames, and several others actually on fire, though as yet not in so great a degree. Confusion was now plainly observed among them, and the numerous rockets thrown up from each of the ships, was a clear demonstration of their great distress: their signals were answered from the enemy's fleet, and they immediately began to take away the men, it being impossible to remove the ships. I thought this a fit opportunity to employ my gun-boats, and I advanced with the whole (twelve in number, each carrying a twenty-four or eighteen pounder) and drew them up so as to flank the line of the enemy's battering ships, while they were annoyed extremely by an excessive heavy and well-directed fire from the garrison. The fire from the gun-boats was kept up with great vigour and effect. The boats of the enemy durst not approach; they abandoned their ships, and the men left in them, to our mercy, or to the flames. The day-light now appeared, and two faluccas, which had not yet escaped, endeavoured to get away; but a shot from a gun-boat, killing five men in one of them, they submitted: the scene at this time before me was dreadful to a high degree. Numbers of men crying from amidst the flames, some upon pieces of wood in the water, others appearing in the ships where the fire had as yet made but little progress, all expressing by speech and gesture the deepest distress, and all imploring

assistance, formed a spectacle of horror not easily to be described. Every exertion was made to relieve them; and I have inexpressible happiness in informing my lords, that the number saved amounts to 13 officers and 344 men. One officer and twenty-nine wounded (some of them dreadfully) taken from among the slain in the holds, are in our hospital, and many of them in a fair way. The blowing up of the ships around us, as the fire got to the magazines, and the firing of the cannon of others, as the metal became heated by the flames, rendered this a very perilous employment; but we felt it as much a duty to make every effort to relieve our enemies from so shocking a situation, as an hour before we did to assist in conquering them. The loss of the enemy must have been very considerable. Great numbers were killed on board, and in boats. Several launches were sunk. In one of them were fourscore men, who were all drowned, except an officer and twelve of them, who were floated under our walls upon the wreck. It was impossible that greater exertions could have been made to prevent it, but there is every reason to believe that a great many wounded perished in the flames. All the battering ships were set on fire by our hot shot, except one, which we afterwards burnt. The admiral left his flag flying, and it was consumed with the ship.

A large hole was beat in the bottom of my boat, my coxswain was killed, and two of the crew were wounded by pieces of timber falling on her when one of the battering ships blew up. The same cause sunk one of my gun-boats, and damaged another.

Two of the enemy's bomb-ketches were brought forward, and continued to throw shells into the garrison during the attack of the battering ships.

A considerable detachment of seamen did duty as artillerists upon the batteries and gave great satisfaction.

The officers and men of the brigade of seamen under my command, in whatever situations they were placed, behaved in a manner highly becoming them.

The enemy had collected, from different ports, between two and three hundred large boats, besides a vast number belonging to this vicinity, to be employed in carrying troops, or any other services, connected with their operations against this fortress.

The loss in the brigade of seamen on the 13th and 14th, considering the nature of the attack, has been very trifling, having had only one killed and five wounded.

ROGER CURTIS.

Extract of a letter from Captain Curtis, of his Majesty's ship the Brilliant, to Mr. Stephens, Secretary of the Admiralty, dated Camp at Europa, Oct. 16, 1782.

ON the evening of the 8th inst. it being deemed proper to use all means to send home

an account of the late events at this place, which had hitherto been impossible, the governor purchased a small vessel, and she was sent off for Leghorn, or any other port in Italy, with our despatches.

On the afternoon of the 10th, it blew very fresh from the south west. The enemy made many signals along the shore, and two frigates and a cutter arrived from the westward. Towards the following morning the gale increased, and guns of distress were heard from the combined fleets in the bay. Just at the break of day, the St. Michael, a Spanish ship, mounting 72 guns, was discovered very near the garrison in a crippled state, and after having two men killed and two wounded from the fire of our batteries, she fell on shore near to the south bastion. As the day advanced, the fleet of the enemy appeared to have suffered considerably by the gale. A ship of the line and a frigate were on shore near the Orange Grove; a French ship of the line had lost her fore-mast and bow-sprit. A ship of three decks, and another of the line were forced from their anchors and ran to the eastward; several others were driven far over towards the garrison, but withal to the northward. I took possession of the St. Michael as soon as possible, landed the prisoners, and carried out anchors to prevent her going farther on shore. I have no doubt of saving her: she is a very fine ship, and was commanded by Don John Moreno, a Chef D'Escadre, and had on board about 650 men.

At three in the afternoon of the 11th, the signals made by the enemy indicated the approach of the British fleet. The Latona anchored in the bay soon after sun-set. Only four of the convoy fetched into anchorage, the remainder were driven to the back of the rock, to which place the fleet also repaired.

Extract of a Letter from Captain Curtis, to Mr. Stephens, Secretary of the Admiralty, dated on board the Victory at Sea, Oct. 22. 1782.

THE admiral, Lord Howe, having conducted the remaining ships of his convoy into the bay of Gibraltar on the evening of the 18th, and landed the troops at the same time, General Elliott charged me with the final communications his excellency had to make to his lordship, and I embarked on board the Latona frigate, for the purpose of repairing to the Victory, and left the bay about midnight. The situation of the enemy's fleet the next morning, cut off my return to Gibraltar, and I was put on board this ship in the evening, when the fleet brought-to, after it had gained the Atlantic.

I have great pleasure in acquainting my lords, that the St. Michael, a Spanish ship of war of 72 guns, which, being driven from her anchors in a gale of wind very early on the morning of the 11th, and captured under the walls of Gibraltar, as mentioned in my letter of the 16th, was got off on the 17th,

has not received the least damage. She is a very fine ship of large dimensions; and I am sorry that having lost her mizen-mast, and most of her stores being taken out to lighten her, it was impossible to send her home with the fleet.

The enemy threw a prodigious number of shells at the St. Michael, while she was on shore, with the intent to destroy her; and they annoyed us excessively in the getting her off, but without any obstruction to our work, or doing us any material damage.

From the LONDON GAZETTE of Saturday, November 16.

Whitehall, Nov. 16.

THE letters, of which the following are copies and extracts, from the Right Hon. General Elliott, Governour of Gibraltar, were received on Thursday last, at the office of the Right Hon. Thomas Townshend, his Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the home department.

(C O P Y.)

Gibraltar, Sept. 15, 1782.

MY LORD,

THE enemy having collected their whole force by sea and land; 44 sail of the line, besides three inferior two-deckers; ten battering ships, five bomb ketches, several frigates and xebecques, a great number of gun and mortar boats, a large floating-battery, many armed vessels, and near three hundred boats, purposely constructed for carrying troops.

Their land batteries mounted with above one hundred pieces of cannon, and an equal number of mortars and howitzers.

An army of near forty thousand men.

On the 13th inst. at eight in the morning, all the battering ships, commanded by Don Buenaventura Moreno, Rear-Admiral, were put in motion, and came forward to the several stations previously determined they should take up: the admiral being placed upon the capital of the King's bastion, the other ships extending, three to the southward of the flag, as far as the Church battery; five to the northward, about the height of the Old Mole; and one a very little to the westward of the admiral: by a quarter before ten, they were anchored in line, at the distance of a thousand to twelve hundred yards: immediately a heavy cannonade began from all the ships, supported by the cannon and mortars in the enemy's lines and approaches: at the same instant our batteries opened with hot and cold shot, from the guns, and shells from the howitzers and mortars. This firing continued without intermission on both sides, until noon, when that of the enemy from their ships seemed to slacken, although but little. About two o'clock the admiral's ship was observed to smoke, as if on fire, and a few men

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men busy upon the roof, searching for the cause. Our batteries never discontinued : the enemy's fire from the ships gradually decreased. About seven in the evening they fired from a few guns, and that only at intervals. At midnight the admiral's ship was plainly discovered beginning to burn ; an hour after it was completely in flames : eight more of the ships took fire in succession. Signals of distress being now made, the launches, feluccas, and boats of the whole fleet began to take out the men from on board the burning ships. Many shot were still fired from those in which the flames had yet made no considerable progress ; and the fire from the enemy's batteries on shore did not in the least diminish. Brigadier Curtis, who, with his squadron of gun-boats, lay ready to take advantage of any favourable circumstance, left the New Mole at two o'clock, and about three formed a line upon the enemy's flank, advancing and firing with great order and expedition ; which so astonished and disconcerted the enemy, they fled precipitately with all their boats, abandoning the ships, in which some officers and numbers of their men, including many wounded, were left to perish. This unavoidably must have been their wretched fate, had they not been dragged from amidst the flames by the personal intrepidity of Brigadier Curtis, at the utmost hazard of his own life—a life invaluable to his Majesty's service. For some time I felt the utmost anguish, seeing his pinnace close to one of the largest ships at the instant she blew up, and spread her wreck to a vast extent all round. The black cloud of smoke being dispersed, I was again revived by the sight of the pinnace, little apprehending that the brigadier was in the utmost danger of sinking, some pieces of timber having fallen into, and pierced the boat, killing the coxswain, and wounding others of the men, scarce any hope left of reaching the shore : providentially he was saved by stopping the hole with the seamen's jackets, until boats arrived to their relief. One of our gun-boats was sunk at the same moment.

In the course of the day, the remaining eight ships severally blew up with violent explosions ; one only escaped the effect of our fire, which it was thought proper to burn, there being no possibility of preserving her.

The admiral's flag remained flying on board his ship, until she was totally consumed.

Your lordship will be pleased to inform his Majesty, that the royal artillery, additional gunners, and marine brigade only could only be employed on this service, which they executed with the deliberate coolness and precision of school practice, but their exertion was infinitely superior. The fire was incessant, and the batteries abundantly supplied with ammunition ; every soldier in

the garrison, not on duty, eagerly pressing to share in the honourable labours of the day. The enemy's daring attempt by sea was effectually defeated by the constant and well supported fire from our batteries ; but the well-timed, judicious, and spirited attack made by Brigadier Curtis, rendered his success a complete victory.

The enemy's loss, killed, burnt, drowned, and wounded, must have been great indeed.

I am happy to say, my lord, that notwithstanding the enemy's violent efforts, our loss has not been great in numbers ; yet such gallant individuals must ever be regretted.

Captain Reeves, of the royal artillery, was the only officer killed, and is much to be lamented, for his knowledge and constant unwearied attention to every duty. Our wounded officers will all do well ; and we are hopeful not to lose many of the soldiers.

The Duke de Crillon, a general of the highest reputation, having the chief command of the allied forces, princes of the royal blood of France, dignified characters of Europe, first nobility of Spain, and great military officers, being present with the besieging army, an amazing concourse of spectators, that filled the camp, and covered the adjacent hills on this occasion, induce us to believe, the combined powers had formed the most sanguine expectations of success from their battering ships, deemed perfect in design, completed by dint of prodigious labour, and unlimited profusion of expense, and, by common report, pronounced invincible.

I am, my lord, with respect,
Your most obedient and most humble servant,

G. A. ELIOTT.

To the Earl of Shelburne, &c.

(C O P Y.)

Gibraltar, Sept. 28, 1782.

MY LORD,

THE publick dispatches will be delivered by Captain Vallotton, my first aide-de-camp, who is sufficiently well informed to answer any further particulars your lordship may wish to have minutely explained.

Capt. Vallotton is an active, intelligent, and zealous officer : if his majesty is graciously pleased to bestow any mark of favour upon him, I am sure he will never prove undeserving.

I am, my lord, with respect,
Your most obedient and most humble servant

G. A. ELIOTT.

To the Earl of Shelburne, &c.

(EXTRACT.)

Gibraltar, Oct. 2, 1782.

THE night of the 30th ult. between ten and twelve, the enemy's mortar boats threw a number of shells for the town, encampments, and hospital ; at the same time the land batteries increased the quantity of their fire ; but no injury was done to our works, stores, or magazines.

Extract

Extract of the returns of killed and wounded
in the several corps at Gibraltar, from the
9th of August to the 17th of October, 1782,
inclusive.

6 Serjeants, 1 drummer, 58 rank and file,
killed.

2 Majors, 2 captains, 2 captain-lieutenants
(one since dead) 6 lieutenants (one since
dead) 20 serjeants, 2 drummers, 366 rank
and file, wounded.

(Signed)

G. A. ELIOTT.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, kept at Kendal, Westmoreland.

1782.	Time.	Therm. within.	Therm. without	Barom.	Wind.	Weather.
Oct. 1	8	53 0	49 0	30 00	N. W.	1 Fine—Cloudy
2	8	51 5	51 0	29 20	N. W.	Rain
3	8	52 0	50 0	29 70	N.b.E.	4 Fair—Violent gales
4	8	49 5	42 0	30 10	N.b.E.	1 Fine—Fair
5	8	47 5	43 5	30 00	N. E.	1 Fine—Cloudy
6	8	49 0	45 5	30 00	N.	2 Fine—Cloudy
7	8	48 0	48 0	29 90	N.b.E.	2 Cloudy
8	8	48 5	48 0	29 85	N.b.E.	1 Cloudy—Fair
9	8	50 0	50 0	29 80	E.	1 Fair
10	8	50 0	50 5	29 50	S. E.	2 Fair [realis
11	8	51 0	48 5	29 40	E.	2 Fair—Fine—Aurora Bo-
12	8	49 0	44 0	29 70	N. E.	2 Fine
13	8	48 5	44 5	30 00	N.b.E.	1 Fine—Cloudy
14	8	48 0	46 0	30 10		Cloudy—Showers,
15	8	48 0	45 0	30 05	N. E.	Fair
16	8	49 5	50 0	30 05	S.	1 Cloudy
17	8	52 5	46 5	30 20	N.	1 Fine
18	8	53 0	51 0	30 10	S. W.	2 Cloudy—Rain
19	8	53 5	48 5	29 62	S. W.	2 Cloudy—Hail—Rain
20	8	50 0	40 0	29 70	N.b.W.	2 Fine—Cloudy—Rain
21	8	48 0	50 0	29 60	N. W.	2 Rain
22	8	51 0	53 0	29 45	S.b.W.	2 Rain
23	8	51 0	46 5	29 70	S.	1 Fine—Showers
24	8	48 5	37 5	30 05	N. W.	Cloudy—Hail—Rain
25	8	46 0	44 0	30 00	S. W.	2 Rain
26	8	50 0	54 0	30 20	N.	Fine
27	8	54 0	51 5	30 30	S.	1 Foggy
28	8	53 0	52 5	30 00	S	1 Foggy
29	8	51 0	43 0	29 65	N.	3 Rain
30	8	49 0	37 0	30 00	N.	1 Fair—Rain
31	8	49 0	45 5	29 20	N. W.	1 Heavy Rain

Acknowledgements to Correspondents, with the Index to Promotions, Marriages,
Bankrupts, Births, and Burials, in our next.

We should be glad to see the papers so facetiously recommended to our inspection
by Tho. R — n.

An interview with the author of the Nonconformist's Nosegay would be very
acceptable to the Editor, who will call wherever an address, which may be left
for him at Mr. Baldwin's, directs.

A Curate's Strictures on a Rev. Mr. L — for his shuffling conduct in the case of
some MS. Sermons, which the latter ordered of the former, are postponed, on the
presumption that the Rev. Mr. L. will interpose and save himself and his cloth
against real discredit.